THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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PASSING AWAY.

All beauty is fairest when passing away,
And gains a new charm in its subtle decay,
A radiance of touching fragility given
To all that is fading—to mark it for heaven.

The sun's latest beam is the brightest he throws;
His course is most splendid when nearest its close;
And Day waning fast, of its end gives no sign,
Save the brief and bright hectic that veils its decline.

The forest has no summer charm that compares
With the fever of glory it afterwards wears,
With the flushes of splendor in which it is dyed
When incendiary Autumn his torch has applied.

But soon smouldering ashes are all that proclaim
Where it then lights to gold, where it kindles to flame;
'Tis the fire that consumes it that brightens awhile,
And it stands in the blaze of its funeral pile.

In perfection of beauty the rose meets its doom,
And dies in the fulness and flush of its bloom;
The fruit ere the glow of its ripeness is o'er,
When most fair to the eye, has decay at its core.

Alas for the sunset! alas for the trees!
For the flower and the fruit! But no—sigh not for these;
The stem has more promise, the rose has more buds—
There is morn to the sky, there is spring to the woods.

But a beauty more radiant we sadly deplore,
Which passeth like these, and then bloometh no more—
More dear to our hearts, and more glad to our eyes,
Than the blossoms of spring or the light of the skies.

OIL SPRINGS AT TARR FARM, OIL CREEK, VENANGO COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST, represents the Oil-Works at Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, where, as well as at other points the business has assumed dimensions that promise soon to make it one of the most important branches of our commerce. Petroleum has already become absolutely indispensable in certain branches of manufacture. The materials for dying the new shades of red and purple, known as Magenta, Solferino, &c., can all be extracted from petroleum, or rock-oil. It is largely used in other trades, in Europe as well as in this country.

In the front of the illustration is shown a large vat, or cistern, in which a spouting well is running the oil. Owing to the specific lightness of the petroleum it floats upon the surface of water, and any deleterious matter which may be mixed with it is at once precipitated to the bottom whence it is readily extricated. The oil is run into good strong forty-gallon casks, and dispatched to the refineries at home, or exported to every port in Europe. Phillips' Well is estimated to yield 3,000 casks per week.

The uses of this oil are many. In refining, spirits of petroleum are produced, from which a turpentine substitute is made, now being largely used in the place of spirits of turpentine. The next and the most important derivative is the petroleum oil, used for burning in paraffin-lamps. Lubricating oils and greases are likewise extracted from it, and wax also in great quantities. In the United States and Canada more than one hundred refineries have been erected.

A YOUNG GIRL'S LETTERS.

BY MADAME OTTILIE WILDERMUTH.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

NINTH LETTER.

Who would have thought, dear Julia, that in this house, seemingly so peaceful and monotonous, so many sorrows have found place! I am really troubled, that the poetic and joyful life of a student no longer appears in the same light to me! Oh, this cold, rude world has cruel necessities!

But, my darling, tell me, I beg of you, if it is possible, can what my mother told me in her last letter be true! what she says of—(ah, my dear mother, little did she imagine what a blow the news would be to her child!)—of—I can scarcely bear to trace the name,—of—Almorini! What! he a cheat! a good-for-nothing! a clock-maker's apprentice! a musical clock-maker! and who, with his fine voice, figure, and Italian appearance, deceived even the directors of the institute! What, he! shamefully driven away for his debts and lies! it cannot, it ought not to be!

"The heart I deemed so full of force and love,
The brow as pure as yonder sun above!"

And the graceful smile, the noble form, the look, the deep, dark glance! Oh, I beg you write me word quickly that all is error and calumny. But if it be true? Then, dearest, be silent, and let me weep to think that anything that seemed so fair could finish thus!

"And must they change to pains and smarts,
These lovely dreams of youthful hearts?"

Here I am of course obliged to be silent as to what touches me so profoundly; were it not for this shadow, I should like the life in this house better and better every day. I can assist my aunt in many things now; I have even prepared a few dishes myself, and Tobias thought they were delicious. So solid an appetite as his is a little prosaic; but I was nevertheless quite flattered by his approbation. I have paid another visit to the sick; this time my aunt went with me; she wishes me to begin with the best people. We went to see a young girl who had suffered greatly in her feet for several years, and who is almost always in bed. She is alone for whole days together, while her parents are at work in the fields; but her little room is very clean and neat; my aunt has persuaded me to teach her crochet, so that she might work at it; it pleases us both; I am not so embarrassed as I was in my first visit to the sick, and Christine is not too timid either; she has read a great deal, especially in the Bible, Arndt, and works of that kind. You cannot imagine what clearness and serenity of mind this young girl possesses! Yes, dear heart, we have changed parts; it is I who take lessons from Christine while I am with her, although she does not perceive it. So much peace and gentleness united to so much misfortune! I am almost ashamed of my joys, and of my sorrows too!

I have an immense quantity of things to do at present; my embroidery is laid aside; I am making a counterpane for my uncle, out of the curtain that I intended for my chamber window; as for collars, sleeves and chemisettes, I have enough to last for a long time, and I have so many other things to do that I cannot occupy myself with them now.

My aunt has a poor washerwoman in the village; while the poor woman is busy washing, her five little girls swarm like ants about the court-yard; they are called Nannely, Louiselle, Minnely, Hammely, and Roselly, and resemble each other like the thorns on a hedge, only that each one is a little taller than the other. As it has been very damp lately, my aunt advised me to take them into the house; I have gradually become familiar with them all; I wanted to give them lessons, to "keep school," as they call it in the pretty English stories, but my aunt thinks they will learn all that is necessary at the village school, so I only occupy myself with the youngest ones. I made them some dolls; you should have seen how delighted they were! Annamreile even cut out some dresses for the little girls themselves. In the evenings, I have knitted them some stockings. My head is almost turned with so many occupations, and I wish that I had my aunt's happy quietude; she can do everything at once, and everything is finished at the right time. She has made me promise that I will not neglect my piano forte practice; in some old volumes of music that lay in a corner, and that once belonged to the beloved Bertha, I have found some romances and minuets, and I have learned them. Formerly, I did not care to sing any music but Italian, you know why; now, when I sing these old songs, uncle laughs and weeps with emotion; I was never before made so happy by any applause!

And Tobias! would you believe it! he is now my pupil in French; "for fear I should forget it," he says. It is a singular lesson; my pupil asks me several questions about things that I do not very well understand; then he takes up the grammar and begins to give *me* a lesson. I have only just found out that he is an excellent Greek and Latin scholar. He is not so dry as I thought, and our lesson hour sometimes passes very gayly.

But in my quiet room I ask myself often: "Is it possible? has this heavenly star fallen into the dust?"

"In silence mournful tears I shed,
The crowd sees but my joyous smile!
These wearied eyes can shine the while,
Yet o'er my soul is darkness spread!
And could we die of pain and woe,
Then had this pulse ceased long ago!"

There is no probability of my death at present; I even fear, that when we meet again, you will think I look too robust; all idea of decline is over!

I am now wearing my hair in broad bandeaus; the Chinese style did not please my aunt. Annamreile has lately told me about my grand-uncle and grand-aunt's marriage; you shall hear it the next time I write. And I beg of you, darling, to send me an answer quickly; it will bring life or death to your afflicted friend FANNY.

STORIES OF THE OLD SEAMSTRESS.

RACHEL AND LEAH.

"I have already told you how Henry (the merchant), who was a tall man of a fine figure (although not so handsome as Robert), unexpectedly brought his betrothed home. She was called Rosalie, and was the most beautiful young girl that I ever saw. She was very different from our angel Bertha, however! She had hair as black as jet, and as brilliant as a looking-glass; and such eyes!—Robert laughingly called them a double-barrelled gun. She had the step of a queen, and cheeks as red and velvety as a peach.

"But she was very poor; her father had been a bankrupt. Henry had made her acquaintance at the time of the sale of her father's effects, and they were betrothed the very next day. Henry was still quite young, and my former master thought that in marriage, not taste alone, but personal interest also should be consulted. When the mamma told *who* it was that he loved, the papa angrily replied, 'What folly! could he not just as well have fallen in love with a rich girl?'

"But what was done was done. The lovely, merry young girl finished by charming my old master, and had not his resources been almost exhausted by Robert's extravagances, he would not have said a word against this marriage project.

"The young betrothed did not please altogether; she brought three elegant bonnets with her, and three very handsome pairs of gaiter boots, but not one pair of strong leather shoes; she came secretly to me every morning to have her hair plaited, for she could not dress it herself; and she was very communicative with me, because she always had so many things to be mended. Oh, you should have seen how she did the mending herself! She stuck court plaster under her black silk dress to hide the worn places!

"She put on a pretty velvet cloak while her hair was being dressed, with a pocket handkerchief tied round her neck by way of cravat. And the embroidered collars that were merely tacked to her dress! No, my child, she was not the wife for a merchant! if I were a man, and a young girl pleased me, I would have her linen examined by a seamstress to find out whether she would make a good housekeeper. Henry's mother certainly made her private remarks on all this, but she said nothing; and when Rosalie looked at you with her eyes that shone like the sun, you forgot everything. The father finished by being enchanted with her, and consoled himself with the hope that Carl would make a more reasonable choice.

"Henry established himself, according to his father's wishes, in a small town. From there he visited Bremen, Hamburg, and all the principal commercial towns; he was to be a dealer in tobacco and cheese. But he wanted to get married at once, and thought of that more than anything else; he fancied that matters were going on swimmingly. The young lady told him, half-laughingly, half-seriously, that the most fearful idea to her had always been that of becoming the wife of a cheese or herring dealer; she besought him, with tears in her eyes, to become a banker, or at least to establish himself in some fashionable business in the imperial residence; but she saw that this could not be, and she had to content herself with seeing her husband direct a spice warehouse; but she made it a condition that he should never request her to put her foot in the place; so she lived in the upper stories like a princess; she had velvet-covered furniture, brocade curtains, and even a crystal wash-hand basin on her toilette-table! But her sheets and table linen were of cotton! and the kitchen was always locked, lest any strangers should chance to see its continual disorder! her saucepans were cracked, her kitchen utensils all of china, nothing of pewter, so that a continual music of cracked plates was kept up, and the back yard was paved with china of all the colors of the rainbow. She thought that she was an excellent housekeeper, and that a great saving was made when one had coffee and sugar for nothing.

"My former mistress was secretly annoyed by all this, but Robert's death effaced all petty griefs, and only left a place for deep sorrow. She resisted this trouble less bravely than former ones, and but for a short time; she had to take to her bed for several weeks. Henry's wife came to take care of her, and did it with the best will in the world; if she had only lost the key of the store-room a little less often! She made my mistress so impatient with her carelessness, that at last I had to take the nurse's place.

"Of all the visitors whom the sick lady received, the most agreeable to her was Mademoiselle Louise, the daughter of the bailiff of Seeburg; she was not in the least handsome, but, pale, retiring, and of a quiet disposition; the most exquisite niceness reigned in her whole person and manners; she always seemed to be at rest, and yet she did twice as much as other people. She was an only daughter, a rich heiress; but in spite of her fortune, she was one of the most sensible and modest of young girls. When she changed a piece of gold, she even counted the coppers. There was an accomplished young lady, indeed!

"She came to see us one day, while Henry's wife was still there; she was just going to sit down beside the sick bed, when she saw, under a chair close by, a magnificent crape shawl, of Madame Rosalie's, (she always dragged something after her!) she raised and folded it, without saying a word. I said to her:

"'You should buy such a shawl as that for yourself.'

"'And why?' she replied, looking at her reflection in the glass, with a smile; 'my figure would not suit such a shawl.'

"She was right; yet it became Madame Rosalie admirably.

"Although Mademoiselle Louise loved the old lady very much, she came here but seldom; I fancied that she tried to avoid young Mr. Carl, and without reason; for he did not pay her the least attention, after he had once greeted her; I saw that his indifference gave my mistress pain, and I also saw that Louise kept her eyes cast down, and sewed and knitted with redoubled zeal when my young master was there, and that when she read aloud before him, the sound of her voice was quite remarkable; but he did not remark anything of it. And why should she care? One who possesses a fortune like hers is never in need of suitors!

"The old lady died. 'God give me rest!' she often said in her prayers; and perhaps her prayer was granted, for she was weary of suffering. During the days that immediately preceded her death, she was often alone with Carl, and she blessed him a thousand times, as the beloved son, who had not given her a single hour of sorrow. I never found out what she said to him; but I am sure that she did not impose any command on him, for she had too much good sense for such a thing; she knew that it is God who disposes of the future of those we love, and not the dying, who cannot foresee what may happen, whose moments are counted, and who cannot recall the words they have once uttered.

"What a loss is the death of such a mother! God grant that I may never again pass through such a trial! Madame Rosalie came to hear the will read; she was wonderfully beautiful in her mourning dress, and sincerely afflicted at the death of this excellent mother; but she created so much disorder wherever she appeared, that, although my old master loved her, he could not breathe freely until she was gone. It was not so splendid as formerly in Henry's house; every time he visited his father, I heard my old master move his money-chest,—and yet Henry was intelligent and laborious. His delight about his love-match was no longer rapturous; I sometimes heard unkind words between them; the young wife would then cry and shut herself up in her room; he would knock at the door until she opened it; then they would make it up and embrace as before,—in one word, there was no common sense in their life!

"Mademoiselle Louise, the bailiff's daughter, only came back to the house once more; it was on the day of the funeral, when she placed a crown of green ivy in the coffin. She did not appear again, but Mr. Carl often went to Seeburg, and when, a year later, he came back one day, betrothed to Louise, we were not at all astonished, but enchanted! We knew what an excellent mistress of the house she would make; and my old master wept for joy.

"When the time of mourning was over, the wedding was to take place; Louise sometimes paid us a visit; and, as my old master besought her, she already began, although with great reserve, to occupy herself with the household affairs, and whatever she touched could not have been better done.

"The betrothed couple were not so tender as Henry and Robert had been with their sweethearts; they did not give each other childish names, they had no little secrets, and manifested no desire to be alone. It was all very proper; I thought, myself, that as they were betrothed, they should have been a little more tender, and I sometimes fancied that Miss Louise was also of my opinion. Miss Louise came once more, a few weeks before the wedding. My old master wished to give up the entire direction of the house to the young people, and had therefore a great deal to say to them; Louise came with me up to this room, where we wanted to examine the linen, to see what could still be made use of, &c. We heard my old master and his son talking in the next room. In that room there was a large chest, containing family papers which they needed. We did not suspect that anything secret was going on, so we kept very quiet, for fear of disturbing the gentlemen; that Louise was so near, they had no idea, and certainly did not think about me; when you have lived a long time in a house, you are as good as nobody.

"My old master was doubtless showing some papers to Mr. Carl. 'There, you see what your brothers have already had; more than now remains to the property; Robert, poor boy, spent a great deal besides that; but with your bride's fine fortune—'

"'Of course,' said Carl, with a bitter tone that I had never before heard in his voice, 'with my bride's fortune! My brothers were able to do as they pleased; they enjoyed life in every way; they loved and married according to the wish of their hearts, while I stayed at home working like a beast of burden! and now people choose to marry me without love, and for money, so that you may be enabled to re-establish the estate.—Of course!' He walked up and down the room with great strides; I trembled like a poplar leaf, and did not dare to look at Louise.

"'But, dear Carl,' said my old master, in a trembling voice, 'no one forced you to it.'

"'Forced? No, I was not violently driven to it; but my mother's wish, your opinion, our ruined fortune, and Henry's continual drains on our purse, have constrained me to make what I would fain persuade myself is a noble sacrifice; but now that the hour is come, I see the meanness of the action.'

"'But, Carl, has your betrothed no other value than her money? Is our plan such a wrong one?'

"'It is precisely because I do justice to her merit that I think it wrong to offer her my hand without loving her.'

"'Well, then, go, in God's name! seek a beautiful wife,' said my old master sadly; 'you shall not take a rich one on account of me; I have sufficient for the few days that remain to me on earth.' But when Carl found his father so much afflicted, he was greatly troubled, for he has an excellent heart. He consoled him, and assured him that he was not unhappy, but only fearful of acting ignobly; that doubtless all would end well, for he meant to show so much affection and kindness to his wife, that she would never suspect that he did not love her deep-

ly. The father and son separated well content; but Louise! she threw herself on her knees, and hid her face on a chair; and after they were gone, how she sobbed and wept! Ah, my child! I have often seen people weep, but rarely such tears as those!

"At last she arose and walked about, as Carl had done a few moments before. She who was generally so calm and quiet! 'He shall take my money! he shall have all, all!' she said. 'I will go far away; I will earn my bread with these hands; he shall never hear of me again; he shall marry for love!' Then she wept bitterly; she took off her betrothal ring, and gave it to me, to return to him; I no longer knew what to do. Then I took courage. I told her how unfortunate a rupture would be, so few days before the intended marriage day; I showed her the desolation of her parents, Carl's old father's sorrow; she would not hear me speak of Carl's grief; but she understood at length that he would never accept her money without her hand, and that he could never be happy again, after having caused so much pain to two families. But she would not think of consenting to the marriage; she was completely beside herself.

"'Well,' I said at length, 'if you believe, from the bottom of your heart, that it is God's will, and not the will of your offended pride, in God's name, do as you think best!' She remained silent for some time, with her face hidden in her hands; then looking at me, she said, 'In God's name! I think it is His will that I should bear Leah's fate! Promise me, Annamreile, that no one shall know what has passed here, that you will never remind me of it, and that you will beseech God to give me strength to walk in my way with a resigned will.' And we never spoke of it again.

"She was more silent than ever for some time, and on the wedding day she looked like a lamb led to the sacrifice; but the modest attitude became her so well! Besides, she had never been proud, and her disposition could not have been more reliable and upright. Carl often asked her if she had not some hidden sorrow, and he seemed more interested in her than when she was peaceful and contented.

"It was impossible for any mistress of a household to do better than this young woman. Zealous, making the most of God's blessings, indefatigable from morning until night, busied with little as well as great things, disdaining no occupation, as though she were the humblest of creatures; and doing everything with so much quiet and sweetness, that it was easy to see that the strength she spent on her daily tasks came from above. And with what care and respect she surrounded my old master! How she read his wishes in his eyes! I never saw anything like it. He must have been happy, for successes and blessings in everything fell upon our house, as if while we were asleep.

"But we had not much gayety. There was too much constraint and reserve in the young wife's manner when she was alone with her husband. I saw how often his heart overflowed, and how he longed to tell her what a woman he thought her! But she did not appear to see anything of it, and he found no opportunity to explain himself.

"She fell ill; she had nursed his father during an attack of malignant fever, and she was now seriously ill with it herself. I nursed her, and she requested her husband not to come near her, on account of the infection, but he would not be kept away by fear, and was continually in her room. On the seventh day her illness reached its crisis; even the doctor, before going away, spoke to my master, but did not tell him anything consoling or encouraging.

"The poor lady looked as if she had ceased to breathe; I was alone with her for the night watch. Her husband entered, as pale as death. 'Leave me,' he said; 'I will watch to-night.' I would not allow it, but he waved me away, and said, 'If I am to lose her, I will at least be with her to the last, and alone!' And he fell at the foot of the bed, burying his head in the counterpane, sobbing and crying like a child. Ah, it is fearful to see a man weep! 'Such a treasure was too great a blessing for me! I was not worthy of her!' he said. Then he tried to conquer his feelings, and forced me to tell him everything; then he sat down by the bedside with something like calmness. One of the sick lady's hands lay on the counterpane; he placed his own gently upon it. I went into a room near by, so as to be at hand in case I should be needed.

"In the middle of the night I heard the noise of low talking; I feared that the last hour had come, and I looked into the room. Our invalid seemed to be yet very weak, but her husband's head was bent over her, and they were talking together. I felt very anxious, but as I did not like to enter just then, I went away quietly.

"The next morning I saw that Madame Louise was still in bed, and motionless; on entering, I feared she might be dead, until I saw her smiling; it was an angelic smile, like that of children; she and her husband looked at each other with eyes! ah, my child, such eyes! Madame Rosalie never appeared so beautiful to me as the invalid looked that morning, in spite of her weakness. I feared that she would certainly die, for she looked so much like an angel!

"But she did not die; she got well, and reassumed her old occupations; what life and love she put into every thing she did then!

"During the night she had been so ill, she had found out how much she was beloved. She and her husband did not say the stupid things to each other that Henry and his wife formerly did; but when they looked at each other, it was as if a pure light shone around them. Her husband did not call her 'his star, his rose, his nightingale,' as Henry used to call his bride, nor did he say such absurd things as Robert, poor young man! but on the approach of evening, when every one rested from labor, they sat down beside each other on the sofa, took each other by the hand, and talked unpretendingly of the business of to-day or to-morrow, but it was easy to see what confidence he had in her, and how happy this confidence made her! Ah, my child, a conversation like that would be more agreeable to me than an evening passed in a grove of roses!"

"For me, Annamreile," I said to her, "I should like to be happy both in the grove of roses, and in the little saloon, too!"

"You are not far wrong, my child. Well, that may happen; but I think that happiness in marriage is something like a grain of wheat; if you merely play with it, without serious cultivation, it dies very soon; but if you prepare a good ground for it, and nurse it zealously, it swells and grows beneath the good God's sun, and bears blessed fruits.

"Our old master lived to see many happy days; when he looked at the husband and wife, he seemed so glad and content, and often secretly made me a sign to observe them; at that time, I was often of the family circle."

"And the beautiful Rosalie?" I asked. (You know, Julia, that she was my grandmother.) "I wanted to find out if I resembled her a little."

"Rosalie? ah, that ended sadly. She did not understand economy, and always spent more than she got. When she made soup, she put cake instead of bread into it, to give it a better flavor. My young master assisted them as much as he could, but their ship went to pieces. At last, there was no way to avoid misfortune; Henry became a bankrupt like his father-in-law, and came to live here with his wife and son. (Annamreile always forgets that this son was my own father!) Ah, dear child, God grant that you may never hear such hard words from a husband's mouth as the poor Rosalie was obliged to hear! Nothing was left of the grove of roses, except the thorns.

"Henry obtained a bookkeeper's place. Rosalie remained here, and Louise was a good and faithful sister to her. This beautiful young woman certainly had an excellent disposition; she became much more reasonable, and began, with good will, to learn everything she was capable of learning. The wife and husband lived together subsequently; things went much better then, but Madame Rosalie did not live very long.

"And thus the fate of Leah was a happier one than that of the beautiful Rachel."

TENTH LETTER.

Since I have heard Annamreile's story, I look with a very different eye on the old couple, and I only now understand the sweet peace and happy union of their hearts. I am sorry to think that my father was so much estranged from my excellent uncle, but I can understand that the latter, after having done so much for my father and grandfather, was dissatisfied with a marriage, contracted without his consent; and my excellent father seems to have had rather a violent temper.

But my uncle certainly makes compensation in his affection for me; they show me every possible kindness here, and since I have heard my great-aunt's story, I would do any thing to please her. She begins to have more confidence in my talent for housekeeping, and she has even told me confidentially that she feels she is growing old, and that she would willingly resign a part of her power to younger hands. No doubt Cousin Tobias will find, some fine day, the daughter of a registrar,—his ideal, with fifteen sisters, and will bring her into the family!

Our French lesson hour continues to pass very agreeably, and I always learn more from my pupil, than he does from me.

Now that you have learned part of the family genealogy from Annamreile and me, you would doubtless like to know about Tobias's origin. He is the son of my great-uncle's only daughter (two sons died young.) The daughter was called Louise, like her mother; she was the eldest, and her birth took place a year after my great-aunt's illness. She was not very pretty, and she had not so much talent for housekeeping as her mother, but she was a good, gay, pious creature. It appeared a singular thing, to this simple, quiet family, that the young lady should fall in love with a young officer who had resided in her parents' house for some time.

My great-uncle would not hear of this marriage, but my great-aunt wished that her daughter might enjoy that greatest happiness of youth, the pleasure of being beloved, (which she had not at first enjoyed, herself!) and so my great-uncle gave his consent, to please her.

The young soldier determined to abandon the military profession, and to plant cabbages with his father-in-law. But this calm happiness was but of short duration. At the time of the war of deliverance, he left his young wife, with her parents' consent, hoping to return home soon. But it was otherwise decreed. He fell at Waterloo, before his son had seen the light. Louise did not long survive the birth of her child. "Poor orphan," she said, in dying, "may God send an angel to guide thee like Tobias, since thy father and mother have left thee!" And so my cousin was christened Tobias. I can no longer laugh at his name, and when he told me that he had never pressed a father's hand, or looked on a mother's smile, I was ready to cry. To be an orphan! that must fill the heart with an eternal melancholy!

And thus my great-aunt's quiet eyes have already shed many tears, but the inward bliss she has found in marriage, has become deeper on account of these trials.

When I am married—(do not laugh, Julia, for everything is possible in this world!) I shall only ask my husband to love me as tenderly in my old age, and to look at me as kindly as my great-uncle looks at and loves my great-aunt; although he does not address tender speeches to her. But my dreams are nothing but dreams!

Tobias has told me that he wished to study in order to become a physician; but my great-uncle had such a horror of the University, on account of his poor brother Robert, that he implored Tobias, with tears, to give up the idea. So Tobias ardently embraced the career of his grandfather, whose heir he will be. The registrar's daughter will be well able to keep half her fifteen sisters with her!

But few days must pass before the arrival of my mother and Edward. I think of it with untold delight. Now I can help to make butter; my mother will certainly think it excellent, and I am to cook the first dinner for them, for so my aunt has promised me. And when my mother sees my flower-garden! I can hardly bear to think of the day when we shall leave this house! You cannot do better, dear Julia, than to come soon, and see your country friend FANNY.

P. S. Is it then true about Almorini?

"Believe no more, my sisters, the vain oaths of men!"

Now, dear heart, I must beg of you to burn all the letters in which I have spoken of him, in even the most indirect manner; bury all—will you not?—in the most profound silence. God be praised that I never spoke one word in his presence, except my answers in the singing class! Once more, let us bury all that.

"Knowest thou why my tomb is so profound?
Because, in leaving this dull earth's sad round,
There would I bury all this heart once felt,
The love, the woe, that once within it dwelt!"

Sincerely, Julia, do you believe that I ever really loved him?

ELEVENTH LETTER.

Dear and very dear Julia, my mother and Edward are here, they think I look very well, and we are all so happy together!

To-day we shall celebrate my great-uncle's birth-day in the vine arbor; and another festival also; imagine what?—my betrothal with—with—now I hope God will give me grace to write that name down! Well, with my Cousin Tobias.

Above all, my darling friend, do not pity me, for I gave my consent of my own free will; I think I shall be very happy, for (do not think ill of me for it!)—for—I fancy that I love him, and that I never loved any one else; when I accept his hand, I shall do so with the fullest confidence in him as the guide and support of my life.

How did it all happen so suddenly?—Ah, dear heart, it happened very gradually and quietly; when I think that we were once such strangers to each other, almost enemies! —I can hardly understand how it came about. This morning early, I was arranging the arbor for the festival. Tobias came in, and waited some time without speaking, but I saw that he wanted to say something that he found very difficult to utter. Ah, Julia, I had expected it for a long time, in spite of that Sophie and her fifteen sisters! At last he asked me—but I cannot write all that; perhaps I will whisper it in your ear when you come here. Ah, dear Julia, they were

"Harmonious words, enchanting to the ear,
Delicious vows, and oaths of deathless love!
I am to him the only woman dear,
And, while he lives, to me he'll constant prove!"

I did not quite say no; and then I saw a face sparkling with joy, and it seemed as if an endless festival was commencing for me!

But I was very anxious to know how my great-uncle and aunt would receive the news! What, a foolish little head like mine, mistress, manageress, and heiress of this estate! They accepted me as a beloved child, with delight. Then we went together to my dear mamma. She wept for joy! Edward is as happy as a king, now that he has a brother-in-law, and can ride the farm-horses.

But we are still too young—or at least I am—Tobias is twenty-six. He is to travel for a year; this was once his dearest wish, but now I think that he would willingly give it up; and during his absence, I, inexperienced child that I am! must acquire the knowledge required of a good mistress of a house. Thank heaven! I shall have a kind and patient guide in my great-aunt.

We made a betrothal visit to Annamreile in her garret. I have made her understand at last, that I am the grand-daughter of Henry and the beautiful Rosalie. She laughed, and cried, and said that I have Rosalie's hair, but Bertha's eyes and heart. However, darling Julia, I think I have my own heart, and very young and joyful is the heart that belongs to your happy friend, FANNY.

P. S.—I have told Tobias all about Almorini, after beseeching him not to laugh too much. He looked at me for a moment with grave, almost sorrowful eyes, (mine were not grave at all!) then began to smile, and said: "Little cousin, can any one come early enough to be a woman's first love?"

Only fancy, Tobias is also called Robert, and he allows me to choose between these two names; Robert sounds best, and is the noblest and prettiest; so pray tell my young friends that my betrothed is called Robert!

A WOMAN'S LETTER.

SIX YEARS LATER.

At last, dear Julia, we may hope to see you among us! Who would have thought that so long a time would elapse before I should receive you in my own house! Come then; you shall have the little room in which I lived when a young girl; but it is more elegant than it was; the window curtain at which I worked so long, is finished at last; I do not really know how or when I finished it, for fancy work is now one of my "buried dreams."

Come and forget the cares of a teacher for a few weeks; if you like, you can keep your educational talent in practice with my little world, that I have unfortunately brought up very badly.

As for me, I have long forgotten my college pedantry; but my children are charming, especially the little boy, who is now trying to climb my chair; and crying, "Don't be afraid."

I am in a great hurry to-day, my dear, for the potatoes must be planted, and, if I do not superintend the work myself, the roots will be mixed. Tobias does not understand planting so well as I. I have called him Tobias again for a long time; he never knew to whom I was speaking when I called him Robert, and I gained the heart of—Tobias!

You must look over my wardrobe when you come; I would not dare be seen beyond the limits of our little town; I have no time to think of myself!

You will be obliged to find our house lively, for it now contains three generations. In the upper story, where Annamreile lived in peaceful retreat, my mother has her favorite rooms. Tobias could not have been more amiable and thoughtful than he has been, in arranging and furnishing the rooms so as to please my mother as much as possible. She lives altogether with us, and is very glad that she has not any household cares; her room is a festival place for the children.

On the second floor our grandparents live; they are settled according to the simplicity of their tastes; the old sofa with its dimity cover, and the arm chair covered with black leather; but everything is very convenient around them. Tobias is astonished that grandmother has become so easily habituated to repose, but she says that she likes it very well now. I do not often leave her alone; I climb the stairs about ten times a day, to ask her questions about the house, and our good grandmother, although leading so quiet a life, does more with her wise counsels, than I with my busy hands and feet.

Tobias has had the piano tuned in honor of you, and to celebrate your arrival. I play so seldom now! except for our Sunday morning choral, in which great and small join. My Rosa really has a charming little voice. My guitar strings have been unfortunately taken off; they were so useful to cut soap! The azure blue ribbon has been used to knot on the cradle. But when the children are grown I intend to rub up my old talents, and my French and Italian studies;—I still remember something of Spanish, from time to time. But I have learned how to make admirable butter; I can even milk the cows if it is necessary; but what I have not been able to learn, is —— the quiet with which my grandmother used to fulfill her daily tasks; I am still very noisy in all my occupations.

My grandmother thinks that it is because I am younger and gayer, and it is quite certain that she never worked with such vigorous companions as youth and health. When I ask her to tell me the secret of her serenity and calmness, she points to her Bible, placed on the table that stands near the east window. "There is my talisman; I never found a day so occupied, or business so pressing, as to prevent me from devoting a few moments to it in the calm morning hours."

Julia, dear Julia, how much I have yet to learn!

But you must not think that we have become complete peasants, in spite of the profanation of the guitar strings; a good book and a sensible conversation have still a place among us, in the winter season especially, when our little evening circle is augmented by the pastor's society.

Our carriage will meet you; it is no longer the green coach; Tobias bought me a new one on my first birthday after our marriage; but I must confess that we do not often use it. I send you a list of seeds and cuttings at a moderate price, that you will much oblige me by bringing with you; and I should like to have you buy some cheap woollen stuffs for Christmas presents to my servants (one cannot see about these things too soon!) a pretty morning cap for my mother, and some warm slippers for grandmother. But I had better put down the commissions on a separate paper.

What a pity that you cannot see Annamreile! That excellent relic of the oldest generation has now slept for two years in the cemetery where our family already occupies a vast space. She lived two years after the birth of my little Rosa, but this new member of the family completely upset her genealogical recollections. A great-grand-daughter of the young and beautiful Rosalie! That was beyond her horizon. But my letter is nearly six pages long! That is a long unheard of feat for me; I rarely write now, except to the millers and tradesmen.

My little world is making a terrible noise about me. You will really come and see how I can manage a country house! And Tobias will tell you how far I have left his ideal behind me! Come soon, dear friend, to your happy FANNY.

☞ As a rather grimly grotesque exhibition of our national propensity for money-making, it is stated that some of our army hospitals are actually embellished with cheering advertisements informing the dying patient on what conditions his body will be embalmed and sent to his friends!

☞ The French forces in Mexico are not so numerous as has been supposed. They do not much exceed twenty-five thousand effectives, and it will require constant supplies to keep them up to that number.

☞ Many capitalists, it is said, are purchasing diamonds and jewelry as the best and safest manner in which they can invest their money. Married ladies strongly advise such investments on the part of their husbands.

☞ "Although you count yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can come round you," as the earth said to the sun.

☞ It is a vain thing for you to stick your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, look for a hole: it is equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

☞ Few parents like to be told of the faults of a child. The reason is obvious. All faults are either hereditary or educational, and in either case to point a finger at the child, is, indirectly, to reprove the parent.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEM'R 20, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, Number 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Our friends who have sent us Clubs, will take notice that we are always pleased to receive additional names to their Clubs, but they must send them at our *present* rates—as our increased expenses compel us to adhere closely to our new terms.

OUR ARMIES.

Doubtless by the time this paper reaches our subscribers, they will have heard in greater or less detail of the successful crossing of the Rappahannock by the Army of the Potomac, and the occupation of Fredericksburg—and it may be, in addition, of great events, which, even as we write this, are in process of accomplishment.

On the 11th, Gen. Burnside, after a furious cannonade, succeeded in throwing his bridges across the river, and taking possession of the front of the town. The 12th was devoted to the crossing of the main body of the army—no small work, as the reader may imagine. This difficult operation of crossing an unfordable stream in the face of an opposing army, was effected with the loss of less than 100 men.

The rebels are reported to have two strong lines of defence, the first one mile, and the second two miles from Fredericksburg. If they do not fall back, there will be a great battle. Burnside is in earnest—and, like Rupert, never goes

"but to conquer or to fall."

The following incident of the bombardment of Fredericksburg, is told by a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*:

During the whole of the bombardment, several bands of music were discoursing sweet strains, contrasting strangely with the furious cannonading going on only a short distance to the front. The sweet, simple strain of "*The girl I left behind me*," mingled with the reverberating thunder from the numerous batteries.

In the West and Southwest, affairs do not appear to have materially altered since our last issue. Banks's expedition is now generally admitted to have gone either to Mobile or to Texas. It is generally supposed to the latter place. If it has, the rebellion, it is probable, will before many months be effectually crushed west of the Mississippi river.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A writer in the Home Journal—N. P. Willis, we suppose—gives the following account of a recent visit to a friend in the Fifth Avenue:—

Calling at one of the largest and finest residences in that sumptuous part of the city, we found one or two private carriages at the door, and some appearances of a "reception." Asking for the lady of the house, we were shown into the library, and after a few moments of waiting, had our accustomed privilege of an interview—finding that we had very nearly been an intruder, however, on a gathering of *ladies only!* The locality made this very significant. The fair hostess is a ruling spirit of the intellectual and artistic society of New York, and her magnificent residence would be the most propitious cradle for any new social enterprize, the most favorable starting-point for any grand plan or problem of manners or morals. And here were gathered fifteen or twenty of the most influential ladies of the city, to listen privately to a lecture, from a celebrated woman, on *the superiority of the female sex!* Her argument was a most learned one, based upon the analogous laws of plants and animals; and she proved, (most satisfactorily to her audience, we understood,) that, *from the greater number and greater importance of her functions*, woman's was a superior destiny. Man's consequence, or dignity of position, is, or ought to be, according to her philosophy, altogether *secondary!*

We shall doubtless hear more of this. It sounds to us a little bit revolutionary, we must own, however, and we may be called to account for telling thus much of the secret. But it is strikingly in accordance with various other indications of the growing consequence of woman, *just now*, in this our country, and we give it to the reader, as a chance observation, for what it is worth.

And so our lady reformers, having contended for a time for equality, are now about to change their ground, and boldly claim a superiority over the male sex. Let us imagine the heads of their argument.

1. The very name of *woman*, as some sharp-witted feminine already has discerned:—Woman; double u, o, man.

2. The name evil—Eve-ill—what works Eve (or woman) ill. Woman being so important that the cause of all woe is doing ill by her—not treating her with due consideration, failing to provide her with proper maintenance, spending money, &c.

3. The creation of woman. Adam was made out of the dust of the earth—or, as the negro said, the mud, "because dust would not stick together"—while Eve was created out of one of Adam's spare-ribs. Now as a dinner of mud is to a dinner of spare-ribs, so is the flesh of man to that of woman. While all flesh is as grass, the woman's is thus as the flower of the grass. This explains why women have generally a finer color in their cheeks than men, as also why woman is called the flower of the creation.

4. The admission of all the poets—the highest order of men—as to the superiority of the female sex; they using towards women constantly such designations as sylphs, fairies, angels, peris, and other names denoting superiority to the mere earthly nature which men are acknowledged to possess. Burns even says, of nature:—

"Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And *then* she made the lasses o."

5. The general admission of husbands that their wives are "the better half."

6. The fact that as civilization advances, woman becomes more and more an object of admiration and honor. Civilization is now at a certain point, and woman is already considered *equal* to man. Of course it is a fair inference that when civilization reaches a much higher point, it will be universally admitted that woman is superior to man, and men will enthrone her like the queen-bee in the hive, working continually to feed her on the sweetest and daintiest honey of the world.

7. Woman already controls the earth. Men may be great statesmen and monarchs, but a pretty woman can always wind them round her finger. Look at Louis Napoleon now, and see how that slender Eugenie has made him alter his whole policy regarding Rome. Look at England, ruled by a Queen. Look at Old Abe, and note how Mrs. Lincoln—but we remember Fort Lafayette, and prudently forbear. All men are controlled by women, but few men like to admit it.

We could say more, but in mercy to our masculine readers we refrain. For our own part, we "acknowledge the corn"—though that of course is just where every man's shoe pinches. *Woman rules* "the court, the camp, the grove." The superior creature?—of course she is. See what fools orators, statesmen, soldiers, monarchs—even editors—make of themselves in order to gain the favor of some little creature whose only merit is that she is pretty and a woman. Adam goes out of Paradise with Eve, rather than stay in Eden without her. His descendants are doing the same every day, and hour, and minute. Woman holds out the forbidden fruit, and man always eats—though he is fully conscious all the time of what he is doing. But it is human nature—that is, man nature. Woman is the superior being, and man follows her track into the thorns and thistles, into purgatory, into the fiery furnace itself. And, granting all this, woman, one of these days, either will have a pretty long roll of evil doings to answer for, or else there is but very little justice for Adam and his sons on the other side of Jordan.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

Probably few persons know what inducements are continually held out to editors and publishers, to persuade them to swerve from the straight line of their duty in regard to the public good and a correct literature. For instance, here we have a letter before us, accompanying a piece of poetry, from a young lady—whose name we think best to omit—offering, in case we publish her poetry (not without), to subscribe for THE POST—not in "a club"—but as a single subscriber—and to send us "2 *dollars in gold!*" Two dollars, and "*in* GOLD"—could any temptation be greater in these days of paper and adhesive pocket plasters!

And yet we have to steel our heart, and decline the tempting proposition. For, although the "poetry" is not entirely destitute of merit, we do not like to insert in THE POST such a rhyme as "grove" and "loved." Besides, we are unable to find the word "bosom" in the Dictionary; and though the author may have meant to write *bosom*, yet, if she did, she certainly could not have thought that *bosom* rhymes with "blossom," which "bossom," whatever else may be said against its use, certainly does.

In view of these objections—trivial as our lady correspondent doubtless will consider them—we are forced to decline her proposition, and the "2 *gold dollars*." But, as one good turn deserves another, we now offer, on our part, that if she will send us "2 dollars"—not in gold, but in Uncle Sam's treasury notes, we will not only send her THE POST regularly for a year, but two or three copies extra of the present paper.

RED HAIR.

A burlesque marriage advertisement sets forth that its writer is open to proposals from young ladies and widows of more than average respectability, tolerably tame in disposition, with *hair of any color but red.*

Hair of "any color but red!" Probably the writer of the burlesque alluded to, knew well that ladies whose hair is red generally have too much intelligence and too high a spirit to "stand any nonsense," and consequently that they would not be at all apt to reply to a marriage advertisement.

We know very well that red hair is not popular nowadays. But let those of our lady readers who are blessed with locks of any shade of red or auburn, remember that the age has been when such hair was voted the true celestial color. Not only the auburn, or reddish brown, but even a more decided shade of red, have always been the favorite colors of the poets. And for our part, we are free to confess that we think many of the shades of red in hair very beautiful indeed. It is a little singular, however, that red hair is so very seldom found on this side of the ocean, in conjunction with a beautiful face—though very frequently in connection with a well rounded, beautiful form. We are inclined to think that the common prejudice against red hair in this country, has its origin in the fact alluded to, that the possessors of such hair are so generally homely, and often positively ugly. When, however, a beautiful shade of red crowns, as it occasionally does, a face and form of truly angelic mould, the effect is the production of one of the highest types of female beauty.

A FAIR HIT.

The last number of *Punch* has a cartoon embodying the feeling of England on the "mediation" question. Palmerston stands, hands in pocket, while Napoleon, pointing over his shoulder, across the water, where Americans are making war, addresses him: "I say, hadn't we better tell our friend there to leave off making a fool of himself?" and Palmerston, the proverbially judicious bottle-holder, significantly answers, "*H'm, well, suppose you talk to him yourself? He is a great admirer of yours, you know.*"

Yes, we have seen that cartoon, and, however much we have disliked the course of *Punch* recently, the engraving in question is a fair hit, "a palpable hit." We trust our friends and fellow citizens will now know Louis Napoleon for what he really is—the friend of himself first, of France second (as a portion of himself), and of everybody, and all noble and liberal principles, just as far as they tend to the selfish interests of himself and Empire.

For our own part, our readers know that THE POST has never been deluded by the shining silver veil of success into believing the Emperor of France the Great Apostle of Human Liberty and Progress. Through the whole Italian war we believed him to be what Garibaldi now says he is—and what all Italy now believes him to be. His present movements in Mexico menace the independence of every American state and nation. He has, in fact, already thrown down the gage of war to this great Continent—and he knows it. There is no fouler and blacker side to the present rebellion, than that it in fact plays—however unintentionally—into the hands of the European enemies of the rights and interests of every man on this side of the Atlantic. Without that causeless and wicked rebellion, never would Americans have been compelled to witness such insults as the actual interference of Louis Napoleon in Mexico, and the continual menaced intervention of France and England in our own affairs. Oh the unspeakable humiliation of these things! That, by the folly of the very men who have always professed to feel most sensitively any stigma upon the American name, a whole Continent should thus be forced into the patient endurance of the most humiliating wrongs. And these rebel leaders, dead to every feeling of American pride and honor, are absolutely imploring that European intervention which would prostrate the whole Western Hemisphere at the feet of a small portion of Europe. Asia is down in the dust, and Africa grovels in her arid sands, and now the great Americas are to be prostrated, and reaped like a rich harvest by these scheming and selfish Powers of Europe. Oh, the shame, the unspeakable shame of this generation, if it ever allows such a thing to come to pass; and shame, utter shame to the rebellion that invites and even implores such a consummation, and is willing to attain a suicidal success at the sacrifice not only of this Union, but of the whole Continent.

"MY MARYLAND."

German officers assert that the air to which that gush of rebel sentiment is adapted is by no means original, but borrowed from a poetic effusion in their language, entitled—"Don't hug me now—some other time."

"Don't hug me now—some other time," is just the song "My Maryland" needed when the rebel hosts recently paid her a visit.—She did not mind being hugged by the "chivalry" in a general way—under certain conditions she could have enjoyed it—but just at that time she had several objections to the hugging process. In the first place, "My Maryland" is a little sensitive to foul smells and ugly sights, and the rebels were rather too dirty and too ragged to make the hugging process at all agreeable. Besides, they did not come with the honest matrimonial colors, the red, the white, and blue. Altogether, "My Maryland" felt like singing, and her fair daughters doubtless would have sung if they had had the words, "Don't hug me now—some other time."

A NEW BOOK.—Mr. Henry Morford, of New York, has a book in course of publication, with the somewhat long title of "Sprees and Splashes; or, Droll Recollections of Town and Country. A Book for Railroad Rides and Odd Half-hours." The collection will embrace many of the humorous sketches of personal adventure and observation, which have appeared in the New York *Atlas* and other papers during the last five years, under the title of "Droll Recollections;" while a number of the sketches have been written expressly for this volume.

The same writer has in hand a novel of New York life and society in war time, called "Shoulder-Straps," in which he has the advantage of a capital title and plenty of material; and which will probably follow the other volume before the close of the winter.

As Mr. Morford is one of the corps editorial, of course his books, whatever faults they may have, will be at least lively and readable.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING, Minister of the Scotch National Church, London. Illustrated by his Journals and Correspondence. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Published by Harper & Bros., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

In this interesting and truthful record of the life of a very remarkable man, Mrs. Oliphant has done a better work, and one which will probably be a more enduring monument of her genius than all her novels, captivating as many of them are. Her hero is worthy of his biographer, and the love and reverence with which she portrays his character are worthy of her subject; a rare concatenation.

With the name of Edward Irving we are most of us acquainted in such an obscure way as we have gathered from occasional allusions to him as a fantastic visionary, wonderfully successful as an orator for a time, but soon falling to disgrace and neglect. The time has now come for us better to understand and reverence him.

Edward Irving was born in the year 1792 in the town of Annan in Scotland, of parents humble in station, and not specially noted in any way which might foreshadow their remarkable son. He was educated at the Edinburgh University, where his bent was chiefly to mathematics and the exact sciences, and afterwards taught a village school at Kirkcaldy, preparing himself meanwhile by theological studies for the station of a minister in the Scottish National Church, to which position he felt himself called by an impulse so strong as to admit no question from himself or others.

His ordination took place at last, and then there intervened a time of trial when no "call" opened to him the opportunity to enter on his vocation. This period was ended by his being engaged as an assistant by the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, then in the height of his wonderful popularity and usefulness. During the two years spent thus in Glasgow his preaching seems to have made little impression on his hearers, much less than that created by his peculiar appearance and manners. His striking and handsome face, only marred by an unfortunate obliquity of vision; his stature far above the ordinary height of men (of which, and of his great personal strength Mrs. Oliphant shows her feminine admiration continually); his strange quaint style of address, more like that of an early apostle than of a modern Scottish minister; his greeting "Peace be unto this house" whenever he passed a threshhold, are all remembered there. At the end of two years he received a call to a small church in Hatton Garden, London, and went thither to commence the career which has made his name famous. He became the fashion. The nobility, beauty, and fashion of London poured every Sunday to the little chapel where he preached, wedged their carriages together in its narrow streets, and struggled for admission to its precincts. It was an unprecedented storm of popularity which might well have turned the head of an ordinary man: it does not appear to have ever had this effect on Irving. The story of the absolute furore which attended his preaching has tended to make us attach a suspicion of charlatanry to the man who created it, than which no judgment ever erred more widely from the truth. Whatever else this man was, he was genuine—that above all else. His whole soul was devoted to the service of God, and through that to his fellow men, and all the sweet and gracious affections of his daily life flowed through this channel. Never has it been our fortune to read such a record as that of the journal written to comfort his wife during her necessary absence from him while both their hearts were newly wrung by the loss of their first and best beloved son, little Edward. The struggles and aspirations of a deep spiritual life, the unceasing labors carried on in a fervent self-abnegation which is indeed apostolic, are recorded side by side with the most homely and tenderly familiar details of his daily life, and with expressions of such deep and devoted love for his suffering wife, for the little babe who had come to comfort them in their bereavement, and for the dearly loved child just taken away whose memory went with him everywhere, that the heart of every reader must yearn with affectionate sympathy for this husband, this father, this Christian minister. This journal is the heart of Mrs. Oliphant's book, and the truest key to the character of its writer.

In all this time Irving's religious opinions had been settling and gravitating more and more strongly to certain points on which some opposition soon began to be manifested toward him in the Scottish Church, assuming a form ever more decided, bitter, and personal, as time went on. On the merits of this controversy his biographer declares herself determined not to argue, but she states it very fully, especially on Irving's side, as is to be expected. The first and greatest point of departure between the tenets held by himself and his brethren may be stated in the technical language of their communion as Whether Christ was born into the nature of Adam before or after the fall:—that is to say, whether He took upon Him flesh unpolluted by hereditary evils, pure, holy, and undefiled in its very original nature, as well as by constraint of the Spirit; or whether He indeed shared and redeemed the frailty of our flesh, and was in the literal sense of the Apostle's words "tried and tempted as we." Irving, from the depth of his heart, embraced the latter belief, holding it as the very centre and basis of his faith, and meeting the outcries against his "impious doctrine of the sinfulness of Christ's human nature" with such impassioned words as these—

"I do believe that my Lord did come down and toil, and sweat, and sorrow, in this mass of temptation with which I and every sinful man are oppressed; did bring His Divine presence into death-possessed humanity, into the one substance of manhood created in Adam, and by the Fall brought into a state of resistance and alienation from God; and bearing it all upon His shoulders did suffer its sorrows and pains, and swimming anguish, its darkness, wasteness, disconsolateness, and hiddenness from the countenance of God; and by His faith and patience did win for Himself the name of the Man of Sorrows, and the author and finisher of our faith."

In various ages of the Christian Church there have been crises of great upheaval and overturning when spiritual-minded men, impressed by the sense of the ever-increasing nearness of the Humanity of the Lord to man, have declared the second Advent at hand. Such an impression and expectation pervaded many minds in the second and third decades of this century; and such a belief, amounting to settled conviction, now began to actuate Irving's ministerial course. From the time that his teachings pointed specially in this direction, the breach between himself and his former brethren-in-belief became wider, till in the year 1831, the last link was severed, and the Church of Scotland formally disowned Edward Irving from their communion. Amid the intense suffering caused him by these proceedings, by the defection of many tried and valued friends, and by family afflictions and bereavements, other influences were at work to which he turned for comfort and assistance.

In churches where the belief in the near approach of the second Advent was preached, it became a part of the order of worship to pray that the miraculous gifts granted to the first age of the Christian Church might be restored to this. Private meetings for fasting and prayer were held with this one end in view. At last came what appeared to be the answer to their petitions. A certain Mary Campbell, living on the banks of the Clyde in Scotland, a girl whose saintly reputation made her a marked character in the district, began, in a manner that appeared like supernatural possession, to speak in an unknown tongue. James Macdonald, from the opposite side of the river, proclaimed himself inspired by the Holy Ghost, and in its power commanded his bed-ridden and apparently dying sister, to "arise and be healed," and she rose and resumed her place in the household. Mary Campbell herself was raised from the last stages of decline, by the same mandate. Elizabeth Fancourt, pronounced by physicians a cripple, without hope of cure, declared herself miraculously healed; and the number of those receiving the gift of "the tongues," increased day by day.

In the congregation of the chapel in Hatton Garden, the news of these marvels created a new excitement. The daily prayerful solicitation for the miraculous gifts became more urgent, and no long time elapsed till "the tongues" spoke forth among them too. As Irving had no scruples in praying that these manifestations might be given them, (and here, we think, was the dangerous point of departure from the simplicity of his self-renunciation,) so he had no doubt when the answer of the supplications appeared to be given. He conscientiously persisted, however, in "trying the spirits;" trying them by the test of their acknowledgment of the Holy Name, not by the Lord's infallible test of use,—the "fruit" by which the tree is to be known.

It is sad to follow this story to the end, through the unseemly confusions of the new authorities who claimed to be elevated above human ordinances,—the speakers of "the tongues," to whom Irving gave implicit obedience. The church was remodelled, the receivers of the new manifestations taking their departure from the sober conservatives who looked upon them with aversion or fear. Irving went with them, no longer their authoritative teacher; but as one less favored than "the prophets" and subject to continual checks and reproofs from their inspired voices. Nothing can be more touching than the humility with which he descended from his lofty station to this low place; the earnest simplicity of belief in their assumptions with which this lofty intellect bowed his neck to their yoke. Even when degraded for a season from his office of minister, he took his seat meekly among them, lamenting his own unworthiness which prevented his receiving such gifts as they. But surely the Lord's love towards His faithful servant was never more clearly shown than in withholding him from the dominion of these manifestations which, even if spiritual, were clearly so far from Divine; and in imparting to him no share of their apparent benefits.

The forced inaction imposed upon him by the mandate of "the voices" was a severer trial to his nature than the almost superhuman labors that had preceded it. The idle sword fretted away the scabbard. Weary with his long, rough journey, his manifold trials, he sank beneath them at last, and died in the year 1834, giving utterance with his last breath to the conviction which through all afflictions had sustained him with an inward peace beyond what the world can give:—"If I live, I live unto the Lord, and if I die, I die unto the Lord. Amen."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

EDMUND KIRKE,

Author of "AMONG THE PINES."

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

NUTSHELL FRAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—In reading the last number of your paper, I find that a correspondent wishes a receipt for making nutshell frames. I have some experience in this kind of fancy work, but whether I can do as well at putting the directions on paper, I do not know. I have but little knowledge and less practice in composition; but if I can drop any hints on this subject worth a place in your paper, and of any use to your readers, they are welcome to them.

The best shape for these frames is that of an ellipse, though it must be governed by the outline of the picture, or whatever is to be thus framed. The large-sized photographs will generally correspond with this shape. The easiest way that I have found to draw these figures is this: Draw a straight line upon any plain surface, and upon this mark the width you want the ellipse. Next set your dividers at half the length you intend to make it, and draw a circle or part of one from the middle of each side—that is, the points upon the line which you made to indicate its width. The two places where the circles intersect show you the foci. Into each of these fix a common pin, and tie a thread between them, the length of the figure. Into the double of this place your pencil, and make a mark as far out all round as the thread will permit, and the ellipse is complete. In fixing the thread make a little allowance for knots and the size of your pencil, or it will be too short. It can be done in less time than I have taken to tell it. It is a somewhat curious fact that we cannot draw two ellipses by this rule, one within the other, that will be parallel.

It is best to draw the inside edge of the frame at the proper distance from the picture by this rule, and the outer one with a gauge at the distance of two or two and a half inches, according to the size of the frame.—As to the frame itself, if it be not too large, it may be sawed out of a single board. A piece of canvas, wet with glue, and laid on where it comes across the grain, would prevent its splitting. If the frame be large, it should be made of about four pieces of board, halved together at the ends and put up with glue.—I generally use half-inch bass, but white pine, poplar, or some other kinds of wood, will do as well. The inside must be rabbited out from the back, to make a place for the picture, leaving about an eighth of an inch thickness in front. Lay your glass in first, then your picture, and finally a piece of binder's board, or wood, sawed thin, of the same size as the glass. To keep the picture in position, it can be secured by tacks around the edges.

It is best to leave these things out until the work on the frame is completed. Some make these frames by cutting out a piece of pasteboard as large as the outside of the frame, and pasting the picture on its back in the middle of this, with the glass over it, and the work around the sides extending a little over the glass, to secure it. As to materials, I use pine cones—some of them whole, and some cut up; some kinds of acorns, mostly those of the dwarf or grub oak; buttonwood balls, beech nuts, and the burrs they grow in, and the cones of the double spruce, hemlock, and some other evergreens. If the reader will look near the ends of small branches of the pine, he will find a large bud which makes next year's cone. This makes a very good ornament.

Your correspondent wishes to know something too of the mode of varnishing this kind of work when completed. In the first place, after it is hardened, take a bit of broken glass and scrape off all bits of pitch, threads of glue, &c. Then take furniture varnish, mixed with an equal quantity of turpentine, and give it two or three light coats with a small paint or varnish brush. I fear I have trespassed too much upon your space already, so I will close. L. E.

LATEST NEWS.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

Sumner's Division Attempts to Storm the Enemy, but Fails.

FRANKLIN'S DIVISION CARRIES HIS POSITION.

The Federal Troops Rest on the Battle Field.

Two Pennsylvania Generals Killed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Headquarters in the Field, Saturday, 11 A. M.—The morning opened with a dense fog, which has not yet entirely disappeared.

Gen. Reynolds' corps, on the left advanced at an early hour, and at 7.15 engaged the enemy's infantry; seven minutes after the rebels opened a heavy fire of artillery, which has continued so far without interruption.

The artillery fire must be at random, as the fog obstructs all view.

Our heavy guns are answering them rapidly. As the sun gets higher, it is hoped that the fog will lift. At this writing no results are known. Not much infantry has, as yet, become engaged.

A portion of the enemy's cavalry crossed a ford above here and yesterday was found on our right rear. A sufficient force has been sent out to meet them.

Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, Saturday, Dec. 13—Evening.—The fog began to disappear at 11 o'clock this morning, affording an unobstructed view of our own and the enemy's position.

It being evident that the first ridge of hills, in the rear of the city, on which the enemy had his guns posted behind earthworks, could not be carried except by a charge of infantry, Gen. Sumner assigned that duty to Gen. French's division, supported by Gen. Howard's.

The troops advanced to the works at ten minutes before 12 o'clock, at a brisk run.

The enemy's guns opened a rapid fire upon them.

When within musket range of the ridge they were met by a terrible fire from the rebel infantry, who were posted behind a stone wall and some houses on the right of the line. This checked their advance, and they fell back to a small ravine, but not out of musket range.

At this time another body of troops moved to their assistance in splendid style, notwithstanding the gaps made in their ranks by the fire of the rebel artillery.

When they arrived at the first line they advanced in double quick time, and, with a command of "fixed bayonets," endeavored to dislodge the rebels from their hiding places. The concentrated fire of artillery and infantry which they were forced to face was too much, and the centre gave way in disorder, but were afterwards rallied and brought back.

From that time the fire was spiritedly continued, and never ceased until some time after darkness set in this evening.

Gen. Franklin, who commanded the attack on the left, met with better success. He succeeded, after a hard day's fight, in driving the enemy about one mile.

At one time the rebels advanced to attack, but they were handsomely repulsed with terrible slaughter, and a loss of between four and five hundred prisoners, belonging to Gen. A. P. Hill's command.

Gen. Franklin's movement was directed down the river, and his troops are encamped to-night not far from the Massaponax creek.

Our troops sleep to-night where they fought to-day.

The dead and wounded are being carried from the field of battle to-night.

FREDERICKSBURG, Dec. 13, A. M.—It is ascertained that the rebel force is nearly 200,000 strong. Jackson commands the rebel right, extending from Guinney's Station to Port Royal. Longstreet has the centre, extending from Guinney's Station to the telegraph road. Lee and Stuart are on the left.

A despatch dated last night, says: General Franklin's line was moved forward at sunrise with his right resting on Fredericksburg, his centre advanced a mile from the river and his left resting on the river three miles below. Skirmishing commenced about daylight on the left. Soon after a rebel battery opened on our lines, and the 9th New York militia was ordered to charge, but after a fierce struggle, was compelled to retire. The remainder of the brigade, under Gen. Tyler, then charged the enemy's guns, when the fight became general on the extreme left. Generals Mead and Gibbons' divisions encountered the right of Gen. A. P. Hill's command.

The cannonading was terrific, though our troops suffered but little from the enemy's artillery.

Gradually the fight extended round to the right, and Gen. Howe's division went into the fight followed by Gen. Brooks' division.

About 10 o'clock Gen. Sumner's troops engaged the enemy back of the city, since which the battle raged furiously along the whole line, the enemy occupying the woods and hills, and having a much more advantageous position, but were driven back on their right a mile and a half early in the day.

Gen. Gibbons was relieved by Gen. Doubleday and Gen. Meade by Gen. Stoneman. Afterwards Gen. Newton's division moved round to the support of the left, when the firing ceased for a short time, and broke out with greater fierceness on the centre, where our troops were exposed to a plunging fire from the enemy's guns and earthworks on the hill along the whole line. The battle has been fierce all day, with great loss to both sides. To-night each army holds its first position, except a slight advance on our left. The cannonading is still going on, and the musketry breaks out at intervals quite fiercely.

Gen. Bayard was struck in the hip by a solid shot while conversing with Gen. Franklin. His right leg was amputated, and afterwards died. Gen. Jackson, of the Pennsylvania Reserves, was killed.

Gens. Vinton, Gibbons, Kimball, Meagher, and Caldwell were wounded.

Several hundred prisoners were taken, who report that Gen. Lee's entire army is in the vicinity.

Gen. Hill's troops started down the river this morning, but returned.

Gen. Franklin was opposed to-night by Gen. Jackson.

It is impossible to form an accurate idea of the loss on either side. The firing is still going on, rendering it extremely difficult to remove the killed and wounded.

The city suffered terribly from the rebel artillery, and it is crowded with our troops, the front extending but a short distance beyond.

About dark our forces carried the crest of the hill occupied by the rebels, driving them from their position with slaughter.

This evening the rebels have been shelling Fredericksburg, endeavoring to drive our troops out, but without success.

General Burnside is in the city, personally directing the operations.

Gen. Meredith now commands a division, and Col. Cutler, of Michigan, commands his late brigade.

Headquarters, Sunday, Dec. 14—10 P. M.—There is no fog to-day, and the sun is shining brightly, with a strong breeze. At daylight this morning there was a heavy fire of artillery and infantry in front of the first line of works, were Gens. Sumner and Hooker were engaged yesterday.

The fire slackened about an hour afterwards, and then was heard only at intervals until now. The same occurred in front of Gen. Franklin's position down the river.

The object of both parties was evidently to feel the position of the other.

During last night and this forenoon the rebels have considerably extended their works and strengthened their position. Large bodies of troops are now to be seen where but few were found yesterday.

Our dead which were killed yesterday, while charging in front of the enemy's works, still remain where they fell. When attempting their removal last night, the rebels would open with infantry. The wounded have all been removed from the field, and all the dead removed are now being buried.

Washington, Dec. 15.—1 *A. M.*—Up to midnight no intelligence of importance had been received from the Army of the Potomac.

The taking of several rifle pits on Saturday evidently gave rise to the reports of the first line of the enemy's works having been taken.

It is thought here that only about 40,000 of our troops were engaged in the battle of Saturday.

Gentlemen in high public positions repeat the assertion, as coming from Gen. Burnside, that he has men enough, and therefore desires no further reinforcements.

Miscellaneous.

On Saturday, Colonel Wynkoop, 7th Pennsylvania cavalry, made a dash into the town of Franklin, in Tennessee, and destroyed several rebel flouring mills and other buildings. They retired with the loss of one man and brought away 12 prisoners.

The troops at Newbern, N. C., were making preparations for a movement on the 10th inst. Twelve regiments have left Newbern, it is supposed, with the intention of attacking Weldon or Peteraburg. Two transports and five gunboats have ascended the Chowan river, and a force of 10,000 men were seen in motion from Suffolk, indicating a move on Weldon. A large Federal force is reported to have landed in Gates county.

Gov. Brown, of Georgia, has seized nearly $400,000 worth of goods belonging to merchants in Augusta, for the use of the rebel army, to be paid for at reasonable rates. The event caused much excitement.

Three Indian regiments are now in the service of the government under Gen. Blunt. A brigade of loyal redskins will be formed.

Gen. Banks at Winton, N. C.

BANKS, PECK AND FOSTER UNITED

A MOVE ON WELDON AND PETERSBURG.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—Gen. Banks has landed with 20,000 men at Winton, North Carolina, near the headquarters of the Chowan river. He has assumed command of the army of the Blackwater, consisting of three *corps d'armee*, forming a grand division of the army.

Gen. Banks is already advancing, having formed a junction with our troops at Suffolk and Newbern.

Banks evidently designs moving on Weldon, Petersburg, and Richmond.

JEFF. DAVIS GONE WEST.—Davis is said to have gone West, and a battle near Nashville is daily expected. At Murfreesboro he addressed the rebels, telling them that the critical moment in the history of the Confederacy had arrived. He had left the issue in Virginia in the hands of that able General, Robert E. Lee, which was the best he could do. In the Southwest his presence was most needed now.

☞ EDITORIAL DELIGHTS.—If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet. If he does, he is a rattlehead, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify spite—is the tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.

☞ How can children who are treated well at home fail to appreciate that home, and hold in tenderest regard those parents who make that home so precious? Every noble principle, every sacred feeling, every dear light that ever clustered around that fireside, stands in their minds, close linked in bonds of sweetness with a father's kindness and a mother's care.

☞ The name of "Cut-throat Lane" is often applied to secluded by-ways in England. The term is a perversion of "Cut-through Lane," applied in old times to short and somewhat unfrequented routes.

☞ The additional cost of the newspaper may partly, if not wholly, be saved in the increased price paid for rags. Let housewives carefully save their rags and waste paper, and they will be able to pay for their paper as easily as at former rates.

☞ A cabman may give you all sorts of insolence, and make off before you have had time to take his number; or you may not have a pencil about you. In Paris, the driver must hand you a ticket on which his number is inscribed, when he takes you up. The introduction of that plan would be a great improvement here.

☞ In a chamber at Salisbury, N. H., were recently found 1,500 pounds of old papers and pamphlets, which sold at the paper mill for $75. The present is a golden moment for the sale of all such rubbish.

MY PET THAT WAS.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I.

Slow stealing through the twilight haze,
A cloud of slumber droppeth o'er me;
I dream to-night of other days,
As many a fool has done before me.
And from the crowd of phantoms there,
One sweet, pale face looks out above me—
Alas, the flower I used to wear!
Alas, the heart that used to love me!

II.

Your eyes were gray when last we met—
I wonder if they're any grayer!
I used to pray to them, my pet,
But now I'm nothing of a prayer.
Your voice, I think, was very sweet—
'Twould sound to-night a great deal sweeter!
And ah, the hours were very fleet,
Told gently off by Love's repeater.

III.

Your heart was hardly true, my pet—
I cannot say that mine was truer;
For I, who used to woo, forget
Sometimes that e'er I've been a wooer.
But you forgot your vow, my pet,
Even in the moment when you gave it!
So it were idle to regret
The sorry chance that did not save it.

IV.

I think I never saw you sad—
They tell me that you still are merry;
With eyes that sparkle, gay and glad,
And lips that have the tint of cherry:
That all your pretty, winning ways,
So arch and wayward, wild and willful,
Remain as in the golden days—
Except that you have grown more skillful.

V.

Fade, gentle vision, from my sight!
I do not trust—I do not doubt you:
But I am happier far to-night,
My darling little pet, without you!
I warrant me you have no lack
Of lovers now to tease and worry;
So could I call the old days back,
I wouldn't do it in a hurry.

THE GREAT DESERT OF SAHARA.

No portion of the earth's surface is so remarkable as that vast sandy desert, which, commencing near the Atlantic Ocean, stretches across the whole continent of Africa, and intersected by the Nile, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf, extends eastwards to the brink of the valley of the Indus. Around this immense basin, which has not unaptly been called an ocean of sand, and which in remote ages unquestionably formed the bed of a sea, countries rich in vegetation display every variety of terrestrial beauty. But is this waste itself necessarily condemned to eternal barrenness? Has it always been sterile? Even now, is it not customary for geographers and travellers to assume a degree of aridity in this wilderness which in point of fact does not exist? Here and there, though at wide intervals, patches of emerald, more or less extensive, diversify the surface, affording sustenance to man and beast, and suggesting the idea that nothing but ingenuity is wanting to reclaim the plains of the Sahara, and convert them into dwellings for new and populous nations. Volney long ago suggested that the empire of vegetation might be extended by planting certain species of pine trees in the sands, and gradually enlarging the plantations till they should cover the whole desert. This, however, without discovering fresh sources of moisture, would be impossible, for not only does it never rain in that part of Africa, but no dew falls, so that the most polished Damascus blade may be exposed there naked for weeks without contracting the slightest rust. Yet far below, in the hidden veins of the earth, water is always running and sparkling, ready to bubble up at the bidding of science to become the drink of man, diffuse itself far and near, and transform wide expanses of sterility into so many paradises. Once far in the Sahara, we came upon a slight depression, not more than three-quarters of a mile in length by about a quarter of a mile in breadth, green as a rice-field, or an English meadow in May, dotted with mimosa copses, thickets of tamarisks, and clumps of palm-trees, and sown with corn up to the very edge of the sand, which formed a golden frame about this beautiful picture. The creator of this diminutive oasis was a spring, which threw up its waters spontaneously at the head of the little valley.

The French government of Algeria has for some time been engaged in carrying a line of stations from the Atlas towards Senegal, sinking at each an artesian-well. The Moggrebin Arabs, when they saw the Franks boring in the dry sand, were unable to restrain their laughter, but observing them persevere, shook their heads, and concluded that Allah had smitten them with madness. At length, the borer was drawn out, and up spouted the water to the height of forty or fifty feet into the air. The scorn of the wanderers was now converted into profound admiration; they stroked their beards, they again and again exclaimed "Wallah Billmillah," inwardly convinced that the people of the West were possessed of more knowledge than could be imparted by the Koran. Around the wells thus created, palm-groves will be planted, houses built, and fortifications thrown up: while the surplus water, employed judiciously in irrigation, will create gardens filled with melons and cucumbers, whose roots will bind together the fine particles of soil, enriched by the manure of horses, camels, cows, asses and sheep.

When in speaking of the Sahara we use the word plains, we are guilty of some impropriety, since the Great Desert is very far from presenting to the eye a level surface. On the contrary, it is broken up into an endless succession of ravines, valleys, chasms, alternating with rocky ridges, mountains of sand, jagged peaks, and vast stony steppes, over which artillery might be dragged as easily as over the pavement of a city. Yet even here there is life, so that somewhere in concealed hollows there must exist wherewith to support life. When you pitch your tent on some eminence at night, imagining probably that you and your companions are the only living creatures within the circle of the horizon, it is not long before you become sensible of your error; for no sooner is the firmament, blazing with the sun's rays, exchanged for the dusky vault, sparkling with planets and constellations, or silvered by the moon, than the secret life of the desert makes itself felt. Booming like low thunder among the rocks, the roar of the lion is perhaps heard, or the long lugubrious howl of the jackal, or the hyena's unnatural laugh, or the scream of some night-birds, or the hum of insects, or the snort of the startled antelope, or the passing footsteps of the fleet gazelle. Once when encamped without tents on a rocky height, we spent the night in the desert; being less weary or more watchful than my companions, I moved off to a little distance from the fire, and sat, rifle in hand, on a detached crag. Below me, the sand descended in golden waves towards a dark rift in the waste, which I could not but fancy contained water. The moon was at the full, and rendered the whole landscape resplendent with its light. Presently, over the edge of the rift, I beheld numerous animals ascend, and advancing up the slope, begin to sport and frolic on the soft sand. These were troops of gazelles, light, fleet, graceful, and so diminutive, that one which we afterwards caught and tamed used, by bringing its hind and fore feet together, to perch easily on the palm of my hand. All animals have their May games and morris-dances. The gazelles having, it it to be presumed, fed and drunk to their satisfaction, now gave themselves up to frisking and amusing themselves by moonlight. Not perceiving me, they chased each other up to the foot of the rock on which I sat, then scoured away to the edge of the rift, then bounded off to the right, to the left, leaping and springing over each other, their tails wagging, and their black, annulated horns occasionally reflecting the moonlight from their polished surfaces. Not a sound was heard but that of their light feet in the sand, which became a little louder when they traversed some patch of rock. Presently a large, dark head was thrust up above the edge of the rift—it was that of the dib or African wolf, which, watching his opportunity, sprang forth as a column of the harmless creatures was sweeping unsuspectingly near his lair. But he sprang in vain. Flying rather than running up the slope, they distanced him in a second, and as he was still giving chase, though fruitlessly, a ball from my rifle brought him to the earth. But though their enemy was slain, the gazelles appeared no more. Like a cloud driven before a hurricane, they swept along the desert, and vanished too rapidly to be followed by the eye. While I was regretting their departure and reloading my piece, a new scene presented itself. From among the pinnacles of the neighboring cliffs, several huge birds emerged, and alighting on the sand, at once, with fierce screams, plunged their beaks and talons into the body of the dib, which they tore piecemeal, and devoured in a few minutes.

Our track from west to east crossed the route of the caravans to and from the interior, and, just as morning broke upon the wilderness, we beheld approaching us from the south a string of more than a thousand camels, toiling through the craggy defiles, with a troop of horsemen in the van, and droves of negroes, big and little, trudging behind the camels. One little boy, not quite five years old, had, we were assured, walked barefoot, more than two thousand miles, and yet looked plump and strong. The slave-caravans usually perform their journeys by night, and encamp during the day, when the heat is far too intense to allow pedestrians to make much way, the sand being scorched by the sun till it resembles the ashes of a furnace. We are apt to figure to ourselves the Jellabis, or slave-merchants as so many ghouls or efreets, harsh, cruel, savage, with the whip for ever in hand, and menaces and imprecations on their lips. We found them quite otherwise—a crew of jolly, good-natured vagabonds, sleek and merry, who lived on the best possible terms with their captives, whom they treated with as much kindness as if they had been their children. The horsemen were Turks, who had, properly speaking, no connection with the Jellabis, but having fallen in with them on the borders of Sennaar, had consented to accompany them for a consideration, and protect their property from the ferocious Sheigya. We witnessed with no little interest the mode in which these dealers in women and children pitched their camp. The camels were all ranged in a circle, which was so large as to encompass the whole caravan; the water-skins were taken off their backs, and a limited portion of the precious fluid doled forth to each; food was then put into bags, which were slung on their noses, when they were assumed to be provided for. While this process was going on, we noticed another still more curious. A number of iron-shod poles were stuck deep in the sand, so as to form a spacious quadrangle, and to these were suspended curtains of white calico, about five feet in height. This enclosure was for the women, many of whom, raising themselves on tiptoe, showed their laughing faces over it, to gaze at us. The children, without a rag of covering, went where they pleased, some sitting down upon the sand within the enclosure, and some without. Cooking then commenced, and of whatever the dishes may have consisted, the smell was savory. Though this, technically, was a slave-caravan, the merchants by no means confined their speculations to human creatures; there were piles of elephants' teeth, large bales of ostrich-feathers, boxes of gold-dust, dried fruits, and other articles of use or luxury. Among the slaves, a great difference was observable. The genuine negresses having learned what they were to expect in Egypt—husbands, fine clothes, trinkets, abundant food, and a good deal of idleness—were as happy and merry as Greeks; while the Galla and Abyssinian girls were sullen, dejected, moody, often refusing their food, and exhibiting, it was said, an inclination to commit suicide. The latter statement, however, seems to be altogether apocryphal, since, though they possessed daggers, they never used them. Apart from weariness, the children have the best time of it, since on the road they are put into the camels' panniers when they chance to be empty, together perhaps with a favorite woman to nurse them. If you remark to the Jellabis upon the wicked nature of their dealings, they will reply: "What! is it not a meritorious action to snatch these wretches from the depths of ignorance and idolatry, to make known to them the truths of El Islam?"

A comparison has been often instituted between the appearance and characteristics of the great Sahara, and those of the steppes of Central Asia, and the llanos of South America, though in reality they totally differ from each other. The South American desert, if it can be so called, is barren only during a portion of the year, while, except the waste of Kobi, the Asiatic steppes are never barren at all. The African wilderness, on the other hand, constitutes a huge barren, dotted with spots of fertility, which, however, though far more numerous than is generally supposed, can hardly be said to interfere with its general features. One phenomenon is peculiar to the African wilds—we mean those pillars of sand which, resembling the water-spouts of the ocean, march athwart the desert commonly from north to south, and present perhaps the most sublime spectacle that can be beheld on the globe's surface. The causes and configuration of these columns seem to be explicable by no ordinary laws of nature, unless we suppose the particles of sand to attain so great a tenuity and lightness, by incessant motion and friction, as to resemble those of water, and to be acted upon equally by heat. Whatever opinion we may form upon this point, the sand-pillars are produced in the following manner:—On a vast unsheltered level, immediately before or about noon, when the sun's rays pouring down perpendicularly seem to occasion an agitation in the surface of the desert, which is lifted up like vapor, and fluctuating, quivering, glancing, coruscating, presents the aspect of a tremulous sea. Gradually the more subtile particles, attracted by the sun, begin to whirl round, assume a circular form, and rise visibly into the air, gyrating like a screw, until the column, forty or fifty feet in diameter, attains sometimes to the height of more than a quarter of a mile. But a solitary pillar is never perhaps formed. The causes which produce this sandy exhalation, acting at once upon a large circumference, call up at the same instant a mighty colonnade, which, put in motion by the north wind, moves swiftly along the desert, the columns, forty or fifty in number, preserving the same distance from each other, till they are lost in the hazy glare of the south. Nothing is so much dreaded by the caravans as these gigantic phenomena, for should they collapse and fall, they would bury a whole army beneath their ruins. The moment, therefore, they are seen in motion, every living creature flies at its utmost speed out of their track, so as if possible to keep to the windward, for so great is their velocity that nothing moving in the same direction could escape them. Though most frequently visible far west in the Sahara, they can only be behold in their full grandeur in the vicinity of the Upper Nile, when by some rare chance they spring up in the morning or evening, at which time the moisture supplied by the river mingling with the sun's slanting rays, creates a stupendous rainbow to span these Titan columns as they move before the north wind. At such times reflecting the light from their sides, which glitter like burnished brass in the sun, they look like so many huge towers of fire, thrown up into the air by magic. Screened behind a rock, we behold the denizens of the waste, especially the antelopes and the gazelles, holding up their heads, and gazing in terror, as if they snuffed destruction in the distance. Then wheeling about in *echelons*, they dart away, and seem to bury themselves in the sand, so instantaneously do they vanish.

One of the prettiest features of gazelle life is to be enjoyed on the banks of the great African river between midnight and morning. Concealing yourself carefully behind a block of porphyry, you soon hear the tramp of numerous light feet advancing across the sand towards the water. If the moon be favorable you may behold thousands of gazelles and antelopes, their white tails and bellies glancing in the light, crowding the river's margin, and gently pushing each other aside, in their eagerness to plunge their noses in the stream. Sometimes, invited by the placid waters, and impelled by the influence of the glowing atmosphere, some adventurous male plunges in, and is followed by the whole herd, which frolics and splashes about, till a sudden moan of the wind, the fall of a stone from the bank, or some similar sound, alarms the timid creatures, upon which they swiftly regain their own element, and retire fleet as arrows towards their grazing grounds. Moving across the desert from west to east, you sometimes come suddenly upon an extensive valley clothed thickly with acacia-woods, palm-groves, and perhaps an occasional gimany or Egyptian sycamore, towering above all the vegetation around, with corn-fields, hamlets, chapels, and tombs.—The Bedouins who inhabit these oases, which are very extensive, addict themselves to a branch of industry, the existence of which could hardly be imagined by those who entertain the prevalent idea of the desert—that is, they are charcoal burners, and carry on a large and profitable trade with Nubia and Egypt. It is accordingly obvious that the woods must be immense, since you frequently meet long strings of camels, laden with acacia charcoal, making their way towards the cities and villages, under the guidance of scoty Arabs, who leave purposely upon their hands and faces the marks of their calling.

To enjoy the delights of desert life, a man must have a taste for all the changes effected by nature in those latitudes, among which few are so magnificent as the dawn. In the south there is one feature of this phenomenon which, not being observable among us, has no name in our language—we mean the *alba* of the Romans, and the *aube* of the French. We never say the white of the dawn, because with us the morning does not assume that color; but in the desert a milky resplendence resting on the line of the eastern horizon, is the first forerunner of the sun's approach. For a few moments it plays and quivers like a narrow zone of the aurora borealis, and is then penetrated by transverse lines of saffron and crimson, which, enlarging every instant, overpower the *alba*, and convert the orient into a low luminous arch, perpetually rising and expanding. The appearance of the earth during these moments is singularly lovely. First it appears to be wrapt in a veil of pearly gray, which, as you gaze, becomes lighter, richer, more transparent, disclosing the gold of the sand, the metallic veins of the rocks, the deep green of the trees, the blue enamel of the river, and enabling you to perceive the flocks and herds, for the most part buried in slumber, scattered over the landscape. Then, as the glow of the east becomes more intense, vast bars of lapis lazuli extend above the bright incandescence, till the blood-red rim of the sun, thrusting itself up behind the distant mountains, clothes all nature with an investiture of many colored light. The western ridges, as they receive his first rays, are for the moment converted into piles of precious stones, amethysts, rubies, beryls, chalcedonies, sapphires, which, sparkling, glittering, and intermingling their varied hues, delight the eye, till, as the orb rises higher in the firmament, they are stripped of their glories, and exhibit themselves in their habitual sober gray. There were nations, we are told, in Africa that daily cursed the sun, which burned up the earth beneath them, and seethed the brains in their woolly heads, till it rendered them blasphemous. There are times, no doubt, in which the sun looks very terrible to wayfarers in the desert; but we ourselves never beheld him in his brightness without keen sensations of joy. We seemed to acquire double vitality while imbibing his glowing heat, as with scorching splendor he rolled through the blue vault over our head. The camel, too, on which we were mounted, looked lovingly on the great sun, rearing its long snake-like neck, and turning its eyes proudly towards the illuminator of the earth. Neither have we ever known an Arab who did not experience a deep pleasure in receiving the sun's kisses on his cheek while journeying through the burning waste.

In the Asiatic desert touching upon the confines of Beloochistan, the phenomenon of the mirage is beheld in its greatest perfection. You approach a small plain, encircled by rocks, and ere you descend into it, observe with astonishment and delight a cool limpid lake, in which you soon expect to lave your limbs and quench your thirst. All surrounding objects are distinctly reflected from its surface, the overhanging rock, the stunted bush, the ruined tower, together with your camel and your own face. But as you advance, you perceive you have been gazing on an illusion—the lake vanishes, and is replaced by an atmosphere of burning dust, which the sun and air had converted into the semblance of water. Here you may notice an extraordinary feature in the civil wars of the animal kingdom. As the gazelle and the antelope are nibbling the withered grass, an eagle from the Elburz, or a great falcon from Central Asia, sweeps along the plain, knocks over the harmless grazers, and then fastening on their breasts, speedily makes a hole, through which it tears out their liver. One of these fierce birds, when greatly pressed by hunger, has been known to strike down a horse, and make him his prey. But in Africa, the gazelle's enemies are four-footed like itself—the wolf, the jackal, the hyena, the lion, the prints of whose huge feet we have often seen in the sand fresh and moist with those of its light prey, only a short distance in front. It may be doubted, however, whether the lion, in spite of his immense bounds, ever overtakes the gazelle in a fair run. We have measured the bounds, but never found them equal to the space said to be cleared by the Asiatic lion at a leap—that is, thirty feet. But this was on a short grassy plain, and the bound was made over a trench; whereas the African lion whose feats we observed had to make his springs in deep loose sand, where from fifteen to twenty feet marked the limits of his leaps. The gazelle pursued, small as it was, often on a descent cleared from eight to ten feet, and touched the sand so lightly that its footprints were scarcely visible.

☞ A woman's mission, as the word goes, is to make home happy; a man's to find the means wherewith she may do it. Woman's work should be, as woman was herself, the completion of all labor. From her must come those final touches and culminating graces which make a dinner of herbs a pleasant banquet, and a cottage starred over with jessamine, a palace of contentment.

☞ It may be an advantage to rebel soldiers that their breeches are for the most part worn out in certain places. Whenever they are tired of fighting they have only to turn their backs, and the Yankees will see innumerable flags of truce.

☞ They have got to printing some of their papers down South on the plain side of room paper. We thought they would all have gone to the wall ere this.

☞ Man, we are told, is the only animal that laughs. Yes; and the only animal, we may say, that is laughed at—monkeys always excepted.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Love, that was born a year ago,
We buried to-day with weeping;
We laid him low in the winter snow,
Where, when spring-time comes, the flowers will blow,
And the pale primrose and violet grow—
A sad, sweet place of sleeping.

My heart is mocked by your idle moan:
When a breath would have kept him living,
You grudged the breath; now you sigh and groan
As if yours was the sorrow, when mine alone—
Mine alone—is the right of grieving.

We part by this grave: no more my hand
Will clasp yours with caressing fingers.
We meet no more,—do you understand?—
As we met of old, in the sunny land,
Where the voice of Love still lingers.

Your lips will never press mine again;
We are strangers henceforth for ever.
Though my tears fall down like heavy rain,
And though my heart throbs quick with pain,
I am true to the sad word,—never!

We leave dead Love in his lonely grave,
Each a different pathway taking:
The time is past when a word could save,
And 'tis idle now to fret and rave;
I grant the pardon for which you crave;
But Love sleeps, and will know no waking.

A. DONALDSON.

A FIRM BELIEF IN PROVIDENCE.

In the Honorable Mr. Murray's book on Egypt, the following anecdote is related:

I was surprised to find that this Mahmoudieh Canal, although cut by the present Viceroy, at an enormous cost of money and of human life, through a country perfectly flat, is as winding in its course as a path through a labyrinth. On asking Demetri, our dragoman, if he could explain the cause of this, he answered me by a story—for he has a story ready for almost every occasion. The very same question, he says, was lately put to Mohamed Ali by a French engineer travelling through Egypt. The Pasha, after a moment's reflection, said to the engineer—

"Have you ever seen rivers in Europe?"

"Yes, sir, many," was the reply.

"Are they straight or crooked in their course?"

"They are generally crooked, sir."

"Who made the rivers?" inquired the Pasha.

"They were made by Allah," said the astonished engineer.

"Then, sir," concluded the Pasha, triumphantly, "do you expect me to know and to do better than Allah?"

The poor engineer had no reply to make to this strange argument, so he took his leave and went his way.

THE BACHELOR'S EXCUSE.

I think that, as a general rule, the bachelors—the confirmed bachelors even—are admirers of the fair sex, and *vice versa*. I have observed bachelors endure the fretfulness of children, when fathers would explode in a storm of passion. Perhaps that's because the bachelors don't have to stand it all the time. It is just so with the whims of our fair tyrants. The bachelors put up with inconvenience, because their thraldom is but transitory. They see women only on the bright side, after all. They, as it were, taste the champagne, but do not become intoxicated with it. And, after all, I believe it is the adoration of the sex that makes so many bachelors. No one wants to sip nectar constantly. No one can occupy all the time in the contemplation of beauty, or in the enjoyment of delightful recreations. Monotony begets satiety. The musician in the orchestra tires of the nightly scenes which delights the ever-changing audience. The stage-driver, the conductor, the steamboat captain die of *ennui*, amid the scenes which inspire the casual traveller with enthusiasm. Familiarity, in short, breeds contempt. The bachelor appreciates these never-failing rules. He prefers to see and appreciate woman in her best humor, her smiling face. He thinks that to marry her would be like going to the opera every day, taking breakfast, dinner, and supper of the choicest game, hearing music forever, or spending his life out in a garden with nothing but roses.

THE HONEST MORAVIAN.—In one of the wars in Germany, a captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troop, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley, in which hardly anything but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage. On perceiving it, he went up and knocked at the door. An ancient Herrnhunter (which denotes a Moravian), with a beard silvered with age, came out. "Father," said the officer, "show me a field, where I can set my troops a foraging." "Presently," replied the Herrnhunter. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley. "This is the very thing we want," said the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied the guide; "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer then said to his conductor, "Father, you have given to yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was much better than this." "Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

☞ Two children have recently been born in Troy. The father of one of the children is brother to the other child. The mother of one of the children is sister to the other child. The father and mother of the other child are grandfather and grandmother to the first child. Now, what relation do the children bear to each other?

THE EMPEROR AND THE SENTINEL.

In the print-shops of Paris may still be seen occasionally a representation of Emperor Napoleon I. brought to a stand-still by one of his own sentinels, in consequence of his inability to give the pass-word. The veteran who, in obedience to his orders, was so near running his bayonet into his Majesty, has been recently received at Fontainbleau by the present Emperor, who, according to the French papers, conversed with him a considerable time, and, among other questions, asked him, "Though you did not know it was the Emperor, would you really have shot him?" To which the veteran replied, "No, sire; I would only have wounded him with my bayonet." The account which Colouche, the sentry, gives of the affair was as follows:—

"It was in 1809, after the victory of Ebersberg, that I was posted at the entrance of a half-destroyed building, in which the Emperor had taken up his quarters. My orders were not to allow anybody to pass unless accompanied by an officer of the staff. In the evening a person wearing a gray overcoat came towards my post, and wanted to pass. I lowered my bayonet and called out—

"'Nobody passes here.'

"Those were the words I used, and I never added, 'even if you were the little corporal himself,' as has been wrongfully imputed to me since, because I did not know I had the Emperor before me. The person came on without seeming to notice what I said, and I then brought my bayonet to the charge, and called out—

"'If thou takest another step I will run my bayonet into thy stomach.'

"The noise brought out the whole of the staff; the Emperor returned to his quarters, and I was carried off to the guard-house.

"'You are lost, my boy,' said my comrades; 'you have committed an assault on the Emperor.'

"'Stop a bit,' I said; 'what of my orders? I shall explain all that to the court-martial.'

"The Emperor sent to fetch me, and when I came into his presence he said—

"'Grenadier, thou mayest put a red riband in thy button-hole; I give thee the cross!'

"'Thanks, me Emperor,' I answered, 'but there is no shop in this country where I can buy the riband.'

"'Well,' replied the Emperor, with a smile, 'take a piece from a woman's red petticoat; that will answer the purpose just as well!'"

Colouche continued to serve through all the campaigns, when he was not confined to the hospitals by his wounds, till the concluding battle of Waterloo, after which he was discharged, returned to his village, and resumed his occupation as an agricultural laborer. On his recent visit to Fontainbleau his only introduction was his portrait, engraved by Madame Viardot Garcia, the distinguished singer. As already mentioned, he was received by the Emperor with great cordiality, and by him presented to the Empress, the Imperial Prince, and the whole Court.—Previous to his departure, the Emperor asked him if he wished for anything, to which Colouche is said to have replied, "I no longer desire anything; now I have seen you all, I am satisfied. I will only beg of you to give me your three portraits," a request the Emperor promised should be complied with.

LITTLE HUNGRY MINDS.—If there is one lesson we would impress upon parents, it is this:—Don't stifle your children's desire at proper times to ask questions. This involuntary self-educating process of the child's is of more importance to its future than many parents are aware of. It sometimes, nay, often, costs an effort to break up a train of thoughts in which you may be interestedly occupied, but it will pay. Like the sticks and straws which the winged bird bears long distances in its bill to construct its nest, these tender twigs of information may be worked into a structure which will afford comfort and protection from many a life-storm, a safe retreat for quiet reflection when the spirit of evil is prowling about for careless stragglers, who are beating the air because there is nothing else left for them to do. Don't turn your child away with a lazy, fibbing, abstracted "I don't know." Rouse yourself, and give him food for thought in your answer, or that spirit of evil may take possession of the apartment which you are to furnish.

A REAL GENTLEMAN.—He never dresses in the extreme of fashion, but avoids singularity in his person or habits.

Is affable with his equals, and pleasant and attentive to his inferiors.

In conversation he avoids hasty, ill-tempered, or insulting remarks.

Never pries into other people's affairs.

Detests eaves-dropping as among the most disgraceful of crimes.

Never slanders an acquaintance.

Does never, under any circumstances, speak ill of a woman.

Never cuts an acquaintance who has met with a reverse of fortune.

He always pays the postage on his letters of business, and in advance for his newspaper.

A GOOD NAME.—Be wondrous wary of your first comportments; get a good name, and be very tender of it afterwards, for 'tis like the Venice glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended, though patched it may be. To this purpose take along with you this fable. It happened that Fire, Water and Fame went to travel together (as you are doing now); they consulted, that if they lost one another, how they might be retrieved and meet again. Fire said:—"Where you see smoke, there you shall find me." Water said:—"Where you see marsh and moorish low ground, there you shall find me." But Fame said:—"Take heed how you lose me; for if you do, you will run a great hazard never to meet me again; there's no retrieving of me."

☞ A good guess at a tailor's name—Mr. So-and-So.

THE ONLY WAY TO HEAVEN.

"The road to Heaven is the royal road of the Cross."—*Thom. a Kempis.*

We may spread our couch with roses,
And sleep through the Summer day;
But the soul that in sloth reposes,
Is not in the narrow way.
If we follow the chart that is given,
We never need be at a loss;
For the only way to heaven
Is the royal way of the Cross.

To one who is reared in splendor,
The cross is a heavy load;
And the feet that are soft and tender
Will shrink from the thorny road.
But the chains of the soul must be riven,
And wealth must be held as dross,
For the only way to heaven
Is the royal way of the Cross.

We say we will walk to-morrow
The path we refuse to-day;
And still, with our lukewarm sorrow,
We shrink from the narrow way.
What heeded the chosen eleven
How the fortunes of life might toss,
So they followed their Master to Heaven
By the royal way of the Cross?

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XLIX.

COMING TO NEW JERUSALEM ON A WHITE DONKEY.

Lionel Verner was seated in the dining-room at Verner's Pride. Not its master. Its master, John Massingbird, was there opposite to Lionel. They had just dined, and John was filling his short pipe as an accompaniment to his wine. During dinner he had been regaling Lionel with choice anecdotes of his Australian life, laughing ever; but not a syllable had he broached yet about the "business" he had put forth as the plea for the invitation to Lionel to come. The anecdotes did not raise the social features of that far-off colony in Mr. Verner's estimation. But he laughed with John; laughed as merrily as his heavy heart would allow him.

It was quite a wintery day, telling of coming winter. The skies were leaden-gray; the dead leaves rustled on the paths; and the *sighing wind swept through the trees with a* mournful sound. Void of brightness, of hope, it all looked, like Lionel Verner's fortunes. But a few short weeks ago, he had been in John Massingbird's place, in the very chair that *he* now sat in, looking never to be removed from it during life. And now!—what a change!

"Why don't you smoke, Lionel?" asked John, acting light to his pipe by the readiest way—that of thrusting it between the bars of the grate. "You did not care to smoke in the old days, I remember."

"I never cared for it," replied Lionel.

"I can tell you that you would have cared for it, had you been knocked about as I have. Tobacco's meat and drink to a fellow at the Diggings; as it is to a sailor and a soldier."

"Not to all soldiers," observed Lionel. "My father never smoked an ounce of tobacco in his life, I have heard them say; and he saw some service."

"Every man to his liking," returned John Massingbird. "Folks preach about tobacco being an acquired taste! It's all bosh. Babies come into the world with a liking for it, I know. Talking about your father, would you like to have that portrait of him that hangs in the large drawing-room? You can if you like. I'm sure you have more right to it than I."

"Thank you," replied Lionel. "I should very much like it, if you will give it me."

"What a fastidious chap you are, Lionel!" cried John Massingbird, puffing vigorously; for the pipe was turning refractory, and would not keep alight. "There are lots of things you have left behind you here, that I, in your place, should have marched off without asking."

"The things are yours. That portrait of my father belonged to my Uncle Stephen, and he made no exception in its favor when he willed Verner's Pride, and all it contained, away from me. In point of legal right, I was at liberty to touch nothing, beyond my personal effects."

"Liberty be hanged!" responded John. "You are over fastidious; always were. Your father was the same I know; can see it in his likeness. I should say, by the look of that, he was too much of a gentleman for a soldier."

Lionel smiled.

"Some of our soldiers are the most refined gentlemen on the world's soil."

"I can't tell how they retain their refinement, then, amid the rough and ready of camp life. I know I lost all I had at the Diggings."

Lionel laughed outright at the notion of John Massingbird's losing his refinement at the Diggings. He never had any to lose. John joined in the laugh.

"Lionel, old boy, do you know I always liked you, with all your refinement; and it's a quality that never found great favor with me. I liked you better than I liked poor Fred; and that's the truth."

Lionel made no reply, and John Massingbird smoked for a few minutes in silence. Presently he began again.

"I say, what made you go and marry Sibylla?"

Lionel lifted his eyes. But John Massingbird resumed, before he had time to speak.

"She's not worth a button. Now you need not fly out, old chap. I am not passing my opinion on your wife; wouldn't presume to do such a thing; but on my cousin. Surely I may find fault with my cousin, if I like! Why did you marry her?"

"Why does anybody else marry?" returned Lionel.

"But why did you marry *her*? A sickly, fractious thing! I saw enough of her in the old days. There! be quiet! I have done. If it hadn't been for her, I'd have asked you to come here to your old home; you and I should jog along together first rate. But Sibylla bars it. She may be a model of a wife; I don't insinuate to the contrary, take you note, Mr. Verner; but she's not exactly a model of temper, and Verner's Pride wouldn't be big enough to hold her and me. Would you have taken up your abode with me, had you been a free man?"

"I cannot tell," replied Lionel. "It is a question that cannot arise now."

"No. Sibylla stops it. What are you going to do with yourself?"

"That I cannot tell. I should like an appointment abroad, if I could get one. I did think of going to London, and looking about me a bit; but I am not sure that I shall do so just yet."

"I say, Lionel," resumed John Massingbird, sinking his voice, but speaking in a joking sort of way, "how do you mean to pay your debts? I hear you have a few."

"I have a good many, one way or another."

"Wipe them off," said John.

"I wish I could wipe them off."

"There's nothing more easy," returned John, in his free manner. "Get the whitewash brush to work. The insolvent court has got its friendly doors ever open."

The color came into the face of Lionel. A Verner *there!* He quietly shook his head. "I daresay I shall find a way of paying sometime, if the people will only wait."

"Sibylla helped you to a good part of the score, didn't she? People are saying so. Just like her!"

"When I complain of my wife, it will be quite time enough for other people to begin," said Lionel. "When I married Sibylla, I took her with her virtues and her faults; and I am quite ready to defend both."

"All right. I'd rather you had the right of defending them than I," said incorrigible John. "Look here, Lionel; I got you up here to-day to talk about the estate. Will you take the management of it?"

"Of this estate?" replied Lionel, not understanding.

"Deuce a bit of any other could I offer you. Things are all at sixes and sevens already; they are chaos; they are purgatory. That's our word, out yonder, Lionel, to express the ultimatum of badness. Matlas comes and bothers; the tenants, one and another, come and bother; Roy comes and bothers. What with it all, I'm fit to bar the outer doors. Roy, you know, thought I should put him into power again! No, no, Mr. Roy! Fred might have done it, but I never will. I'll pay him well for the services he has rendered me; but put him into power—no. Altogether things are getting into inextricable confusion; I can't look to them, and I want a manager. Will you take it, Lionel? I'll give you five hundred a year."

The mention of the sum quite startled Lionel. It was far more than he should have supposed John Massingbird would offer to any manager. Matlas would do it for a fourth. *Should* he take it?

He sat, twirling his wine-glass round in his fingers. There was a soreness of spirit to get over, and it could not be done all in a moment. To become a servant (indeed it was no better) on the land that had once been his; that ought to be his now, by the law of right—a servant to John Massingbird! Could Lionel bend to it? John smoked, and sat watching him.

He thought of the position of his wife; he thought of the encumbrance on his mother; he thought of his brother Jan, and what *he* had done; he thought of his own very unsatisfactory prospects. Was *this* the putting his shoulder to the wheel, as he had resolved to do, thus to hesitate on a quibble of pride? Down, down with his rebellious spirit. Let him be a man, in the sight of Heaven!

He turned to John Massingbird, his brow clear, his eye serene.

"I will take it, and thank you," he said in a steady, cheerful tone.

"Then let's have some grog on the strength of it," was that gentleman's answer. "Tynn says the worry nearly took my mother's life out of her, during the time she managed the estate; and it would take it out of mine. If I kept it in my own hands, it would go to the dogs in a twelve month. And you'd not thank me for that, Lionel. You are the next heir."

"You may take a wife yet."

"A wife for me!" he shouted. "No, thank you. I know the value of 'em too well for that. Give me my liberty, and you may have the wives. Lionel, the office had better be in the study as it used to be; you can come up here of a day. I'll turn the drawing-room into my smoke-shop. If there are any leases or other deeds missing, you must get them drawn out again. I'm glad it's settled."

Lionel declined the grog; but he sat on, talking things over. John Massingbird, in a cloud of smoke, drinking Lionel's share as well as his own, and listening—to the rain, which had begun to patter against the window panes.

But it is necessary to pay a visit to Mrs. Peckaby, for great events were happening to her on that night.

When Lionel met her in the day, seated on the stump, all disconsolate, she had thrown out a hint that Mr. Peckaby was not habitually in quite so social a mood as he might be. The fact was, Peckaby's patience had run out: and little wonder either. The man's meals made ready for him in a careless way, often not made ready at all, and his wife spending her time in sighing and moaning, and looking out for the white donkey! You, my readers, may deem this a rather far-fetched episode in the story; you may deem it next to impossible that any woman should be so ridiculously foolish, or could be so imposed upon: but I am only relating to you the strict truth. The facts occurred precisely as they are being narrated, and not long ago. I have neither added to the story, nor taken from it.

Mrs. Peckaby finished out her sitting on the stump. The skies were greyer than before when she rose to go home. She found Peckaby had been in to his tea; that is, he had been in, hoping to partake of that social meal; but, finding no preparation made for it, he had a little relieved his mind by pouring a pail of water over the kitchen fire, thereby putting the fire out and causing considerable damage to the fire-irons and appurtenances generally, which would cause Mrs. Peckaby some little work to remedy.

"The brute!" she ejaculated, putting her foot into the slop on the floor, and taking a general view of things. "Oh, if I was but off!"

"My patience, what a mess!" exclaimed Polly Dawson, who happened to be going by, and turned in for a gossip. "Whatever have done it?"

"Whatever have done it? why, that wretch, Peckaby," retorted the aggrieved wife. "Don't you never get married, Polly Dawson, if you want to keep on the right side of the men. They be the worst animals in all creation. Many a poor woman's life has been aggrivated out of her."

"If I do get married, I shan't begin the aggrivation by wanting to be off to them saints at New Jerusalem," impudently returned Polly Dawson.

Mrs. Peckaby received it meekly. What with the long continued disappointment, the perpetual "aggravations" of Peckaby, and the prospect of work before her, arising from the gratuitous pail of water, she was feeling unusually cowed down.

"I wish I was a hundred miles off," she cried. "Nobody's fate was never so hard as mine."

"It'll take you a good two hours to red up," observed Polly Dawson. "I'd rather you had to do it nor me."

"I'd see it further—afore it should take me two hours—and Peckaby with it," retorted Mrs. Peckaby, reviving to a touch of temper. "I shall but give it a lick and a promise; just mop up the wet, and dry the grate, and get a bit of fire alight. 'Tother things may go."

Polly Dawson departed, and Mrs. Peckaby set to her work. By dint of some trouble she contrived to obtain a cup of tea for herself after awhile, and then she sat on disconsolately as before. Night came on, and she had ample time to indulge her ruminations.

Peckaby had never been in. Mrs. Peckaby concluded he was solacing himself at that social rendezvous, the Plough and Harrow, and would come home in a state of beer. Between nine and ten he entered—hours were early in Deerham—and, to Mrs. Peckaby's surprise, he was not only sober, but social.

"It have turned out a pouring wet night," cried he. And the mood was so unwonted, especially after the episode of the wet grate, that Mrs. Peckaby was astonished into answering pleasantly.

"Will ye have some bread and cheese?" asked she.

"I don't mind if I do. Chuff, he gave me a piece of his bread and bacon at eight o'clock, so I ain't over hungry."

Mrs. Peckaby brought forth the loaf and the cheese, and Peckaby cut himself some, and eat it. Then he went up-stairs. She stayed to put the eatables away, raked out the fire, and followed. Peckaby was already in bed. To get into it was not a very ceremonious proceeding with him, as it is not with many others. There was no superfluous attire to throw off, there was no hindering time with ablutions, there were no prayers. Mrs. Peckaby favored the same convenient mode, and she had just put the candle out when some noise struck upon her ear.

It came from the road outside. They slept back, the front room having been the one let to Brother Jarrum; but in those small houses, at that quiet hour, noises in the road were heard as distinctly front as back. There was a sound of talking, and then came a modest knock at Peckaby's door.

Mrs. Peckaby went to the front room, opened the casement, and looked out. To say that her heart leaped into her mouth, would be a most imperfect figure of speech to describe the state of feeling that rushed over her. In the rainy obscurity of the night, she could discern something white drawn up to the door, and the figures of two men standing by it. The only wonder was, that she did not leap out; she might have done it, had the window been large enough.

"Do Susan Peckaby live here?" inquired a gruff voice, that seemed as if it were muffled.

"Oh, dear, good gentlemen, yes!" she responded, in a tremble of excitement. "Please, what is it?"

"The white donkey's come to take her to New Jerusalem."

With a shrieking cry of joy that might have been heard half-way up Clay Lane, Mrs. Peckaby tore back to her chamber.

"Peckaby," she cried, "Peckaby, the thing's come at last! The blessed animal that's to bear me off. I always said it would."

Peckaby—probably from drowsiness—made no immediate response. Mrs. Peckaby stooped down to the low bed, and shook him well by the shoulder.

"It's the white quadruple, Peckaby, come at last!"

Peckaby growled out something that she was in a state of too great excitement to hear. She lighted the candle; she flung on some of the things she had taken off; she ran back to the front before they were fastened, lest the messengers, brute and human, should have departed, and put her head out at the casement again, all in the utmost fever of agitation.

"A minute or two yet, good gentlemen, please! I'm a'most ready. I'm a waiting to get out my purple gownd."

"All right, missus," was the muffled answer.

The "purple gownd" was kept in this very ex-room of Brother Jarrum's, hid in a safe place between some sheets of newspaper. Had Mrs. Peckaby kept it open, to the view of Peckaby, there's no saying what grief the robe might not have come to, ere this. Peckaby, in his tantrums, would not have been likely to spare it. She put it on, and hooked it down the front, her trembling fingers scarcely able to accomplish it. That it was full loose for her, she was prepared to find: she had grown thin with fretting. Then she put on a shawl, last her bonnet, and some green leather gloves. The shawl was black, with worked colored corners, a thin small shawl, that hardly covered her shoulders; and the bonnet was a straw, trimmed with pink ribbons—the toilette which had been long prepared.

"Good-bye, Peckaby," said she, going in when she was ready. "You've said many a time as you wished I was off, and now you have got your wish. But I don't wish to part nothing but friends."

"Good-bye," returned Peckaby, in a hearty tone, as he turned himself round on his bed. "Give my love to the saints."

To find him in this accommodating humor, was more than she had bargained for. A doubt had crossed her sometimes whether, when the white donkey did come, there might not arise a battle with Peckaby, ere she should get off. This apparently civil feeling on his part awoke a more social one towards him on hers; and a qualm of conscience darted across her, that she might have made him a better wife had she been so disposed. "He might have shook hands with me," was her parting thought, as she unlocked the street door.

The donkey was waiting outside with all the patience for which donkeys are renowned. It had been drawn up under a sheltering ledge at a door or two's distance, to be out of the rain. Its two conductors were muffled up, as befitted the inclemency of the night, something like their voices appeared to have been. Mrs. Peckaby was not in her sober senses, sufficiently to ask whether they were brothers from New Jerusalem, or whether the style of costume they favored might be the prevailing mode in that fashionable city: if so, it was decidedly more useful than elegant, consisting apparently of hop-sacks, doubled over the head and over the back.

"Ready, missus?"

"I be quite ready," she answered, in a tremble of delight. "There ain't no saddle!" she called out, as the donkey was trotted forward.

"You won't want a saddle: these New Jerusalem animals hain't like ord'nary ones.—Jump on him, missus."

Mrs. Peckaby was so exceedingly tall that she had not far to jump. She took her seat sideways, settled her gown, and laid hold of the bridle, which one of the men put into her hands. He turned round the donkey, and set it going with a smack; the other helped by crying "Gee-ho!"

Up Clay Lane she proceeded in triumph.—The skies were dark, and the rain came soaking down; but Mrs. Peckaby's heart was too warm to dwell on any temporary inconvenience. If a thought crossed her mind that the beauty of the pink ribbons might be marred by the storm, so as somewhat to dim the glory of her entrance to the city and introduction to the saints, she drove it away again. Trouble had no admission in her present frame of mind. The gentlemen in the hop-sacks continued to attend her; the one leading the donkey, the other walking behind and cheering the animal on with periodical gee-hos.

"I suppose as it's a long way, sir?" asked Mrs. Peckaby, breaking the silence, and addressing the conductor.

"Middlin'," replied he.

"And how do we get over the sea, please sir?" asked she again.

"The voyage is pervided for, missus," was the short and satisfactory response. "Brother Jarrum took care of that when he sent us."

Her heart went into a glow at the name.—And them envious disbelievers in Deerham had cast all sorts of disparaging accusations to the Brother, openly expressing their opinion that he had gone off purposely without her, and that she'd never hear of him again!

Arrived at the top of Clay Lane, the road was crossed, and the donkey was led down a turning towards the lands of Sir Rufus Hautley. It may have occurred to Mrs. Peckaby to wonder that the highway was not taken, instead of an unfrequented by-path that only led to fields and a wood; but, if so, she said nothing. Had the white donkey taken her to a gravel-pit, and pitched headlong in with her, she would have deemed, in her blind faith, that it was the right road to New Jerusalem.

A long way it was over those wet fields.—If the brothers and the donkey partook of the saintly nature of the inhabitants of the Salt Lake City, possibly they did not find it a weary one. Mrs. Peckaby certainly did not. She was wrapt in a glowing vision of the honors and delights that would welcome her at her journey's end. So wrapt, that she and the donkey had been for some little time in one of the narrow paths of the wood before she missed her two conductors.

It caused Mrs. Peckaby to pull the bridle, and cry "Wo-ho!" to the donkey. She had an idea that they might have struck into the wrong path, for this one appeared to be getting narrower and narrower. The wood was intersected with paths, but only a few of them led right through it. She pulled up, and turned her head the way she had come, but was unable to distinguish anything, save that she was in the heart of the wood.

"Be you behind, gentlemen?" she called out.

There was no reply. Mrs. Peckaby waited a bit, thinking they might have lagged unwittingly, and then called out again, with the like result.

"It's very curious!" thought Mrs. Peckaby.

She was certainly in a dilemma. Without her conductors she knew no more how to get to New Jerusalem than she did how to get to the new moon. She might find her way through the wood by one path or another, but, once on the other side, she had no idea which road to turn the donkey to—north, south, east, or west. She thought she would go back and look after them.

But there was some difficulty in doing this. The path had grown so narrow that the donkey could not easily be turned. She slipped off him, tied the bridle to a tree, and ran back as fast as the obscurity of the path allowed her, calling out to the gentlemen.

The more she ran, the more she called, the less did there appear to be anybody to respond to it. Utterly at a nonplus, she at length returned to the donkey—that is, to the spot, so far as she could judge, where she had left it. But the donkey was gone.

Was Mrs. Peckaby awake, or asleep? Was the past blissful dream—when she was being borne in triumph to New Jerusalem—only an imaginary one? Was her present predicament real? Which *was* imagination, and which was real? For the last hour she had been enjoying the realization of all her hopes; now she seemed no nearer their fruition than she had been a year ago. The white donkey was gone, the conducting Brothers were gone, and she was alone in the middle of a wood, two miles from home, on a wet night. Mrs. Peckaby had heard of enchantments, and began to think she must have been subjected to something of the sort.

She rubbed her eyes; she pinched her arms. Was she in her senses or not? Sure never was such a situation heard of! The cup of hope presented palpably to her lips, only to vanish again—she could not tell how—and leave no sign. A very disagreeable doubt—not yet a suspicion—began to dawn over Mrs. Peckaby. Had she been made the subject of a practical joke?

She might have flung the doubt from her, but for a distant sound that came faintly on her ears—the sound of covert laughter. Her doubt turned to conviction; her face became hot; her heart, but for the anger at it, would have grown sick with the disappointment. Her conductors and the donkey were retreating, having played their joke out! Two certainties forced themselves upon her mind. One, that Peckaby and his friends had planned it: she felt sure now that the biggest of the "brothers" had been nobody but Chuff, the blacksmith; the other certainty was that she should never be sent for to New Jerusalem in any other way. Why it should have been, Mrs. Peckaby could not have told, then or afterwards; but the positive conviction that Brother Jarrum *had* been false, that the story of sending for her on a white donkey had only been invented to keep her quiet, fixed itself in her mind in that moment in the lonely wood.—She sunk down amidst the trees and sobbed bitterly.

But all the tears combined, that the world ever shed, could not bring her nearer to New Jerusalem, or make her present situation better. After awhile she had the sense to remember that. She rose from the ground, turned her gown up over her shoulders, found her way out of the wood, and set off on her walk back again in a very humble frame of mind, arriving home as the clock was striking two.

She could make nobody hear. She knocked at the door, she knocked at the window, gently at first, then louder; she called and called, but there came no answer. Some of the neighbors, aroused by the unwonted disturbance, came peeping at their windows.—At length Peckaby opened his; thrusting his head out at the very casement from which Mrs. Peckaby had beheld the deceitful vision earlier in the night.

"Who's there?" called out Peckaby.

"It's me, Peckaby," was the answer, delivered in a forlorn tone. "Come down and open the door."

"Who's 'me'?" asked Peckaby.

"It's me," repeated Mrs. Peckaby, looking up.

And, what with her height and the low casement, their faces were really not many inches apart; but yet Peckaby appeared not to know her.

"You be off, will you!" retorted he. "A pretty thing, if tramps be to come to decent folks's doors, and knock 'em up, like this.—Who's door did you take it for?"

"It's me!" screamed Mrs. Peckaby. "Don't you know me? Come and undo the door, and let me come in. I be sopping."

"Know you! How should I know you? Who *be* you?"

"Good heavens, Peckaby! you must know me. Ain't I your wife?"

"My wife! Not a bit on't. You needn't come here with that gammon, missis, whoever you be. My wife's gone off to New Jerusalem on a white donkey."

He slammed to the casement. Mrs. Peckaby, what with the rain, and what with the disappointment, burst into tears. In the same moment sundry other casements opened, and all the heads in the vicinity—including the blacksmith, Chuff's, and Mrs. Chuff's—were thrust out to condole with their neighbor, Mrs. Peckaby.

"Had she been and come back a'ready?" "Did she get tired of the saints so soon as this—or did they get tired of her?" "What sort of a city was it?" "Which was most plentiful—geese or sage?" "How many wives, besides herself, had the gentleman that *she* chose?" "Who took care of the babies?" "Did they have many public dances?" "Was veils for the bonnets plentiful?" "Was it a paradise—or warn't it?" And "how was Brother Jarrum?"

Amongst the many questions asked, those came prominently tingling on the ears of the unhappy Mrs. Peckaby. Too completely prostrate with events to retort, she suddenly let drop her gown, that she had kept so carefully turned, and clapped both her hands upon her face. Then came a real, genuine question from the next door casement—Mrs. Green's.

"Ain't that your plum-colored gownd?" What's come to it?"

Mrs. Peckaby, somewhat aroused, looked at the gown in haste. What *had* come to it? Patches of dead-white, looking not unlike paint, covered it about on all sides, especially behind. The shawl had caught some white, too, and the green leather gloves looked inside as though they had had a coat of white-wash put on them. Her beautiful gownd! laid by so long!—what on earth had ruined it, like that?

Chuff, the blacksmith, gave a great grin from his window.

"Sure that there donkey never was painted down white!" quoth he.

That it had been painted down white, and with exceedingly wet paint, too, there could be little doubt. Some poor donkey, humble in its coat of gray, converted into a fine white animal for the occasion, by Peckaby and Chuff and their cronies. Mrs. Peckaby shrieked and sobbed with mortification, and drummed frantically on her house door. A chorus of laughter echoed from all sides, and Peckaby's casement flew open again.

"Will you stop that there knocking, then?" roared Peckaby. "Disturbing a man's night's rest."

"I *will* come in then, Peckaby," she stormed, plucking up a little spirit in her desperation. "I be your wife, you know I be, and I will come in."

"My good woman, what's took you?" cried Peckaby, in a tone of compassionating suavity. "You ain't no wife of mine. My wife's miles on her road by this time. She's off to New Jerusalem on a white donkey."

A new actor came up to the scene. No other than Jan Verner. Jan had been sitting up with some poor patient, and was now going home. To describe his surprise when he saw the windows alive with nightcapped heads, and Mrs. Peckaby in her dripping discomfort, in her paint, in her state altogether, outward and inward, would be a long task. Peckaby himself undertook the explanation, in which he was aided by Chuff; and Jan sat himself down on the public pump, and laughed till he was hoarse.

"Come, Peckaby, you'll let her in," cried he, before he went away.

"Let her in!" echoed Peckaby. "That would be a go, that would! What 'ud the saints say? They'd be for prosecuting of her for bigamy. If she's gone over to them, sir, she can't belong legal to me."

Jan laughed so that he had to hold his sides, the windows roared, and Mrs. Peckaby shrieked and sobbed. Chuff began calling out that the best remedy for white paint was turpentine.

"Come along, Peckaby, and open the door," said Jan, rising. "She'll catch an illness if she stops here in her wet clothes, and I shall have a month's work, attending on her. Come!"

"Well, sir, to oblige you, I will," returned the man. "But let me ever catch her snivelling after them saints again, that's all! They should have her if they liked, I'd not."

"You hear, Mrs. Peckaby," said Jan in her ear. "I'd let the saints alone for the future, if I were you."

"I mean to, sir," she meekly answered, between her sobs.

Peckaby, in his shirt and nightcap, opened the door, and she bounded in. The casements closed to the echoes of subsiding laughter, and the echoes of Jan's footsteps died away in the distance.

CHAPTER L.

AN EXPLOSION OF SIBYLLA'S.

Sibylla Verner sat at the window of her sitting-room in the evening twilight: a cold evening in early winter. Sibylla was in an explosive temper. It was nothing unusual for her to be in an explosive temper now; but she was in a worse than customary this evening. Sibylla felt the difference between Verner's Pride and Deerham Court. She lived but in excitement; she cared but for gayety. In removing to Deerham Court, she had gone readily, believing that she should there find a large portion of the gayety she had been accustomed to at Verner's Pride; that she should, at any rate, be living with the appliances of wealth about her, and should go out a great deal with Lady Verner. She had not bargained for Lady Verner's establishment being reduced to simplicity and quietness, for her laying down her carriage and discharging her men servants and selling her horses, and living again the life of a retired gentlewoman. Yet all these changes had come to pass, and Sibylla's inward spirit turned restive. She had everything any reasonable mind could possibly desire, every comfort: but quiet comfort and Sibylla's taste did not accord. Her husband was out a great deal, at Verner's Pride and on the estate. As he had resolved to do, over John Massingbird's dinner-table, so he was doing—putting his shoulder to the wheel. He had never looked after things as he was looking now. To be the master of Verner's Pride was one thing; to be the hired manager of Verner's Pride was another: and Lionel found every hour of his time occupied. His was no eye-service; his conscience was engaged in his work, and he did it efficiently.

Sibylla sat at the window, looking out into the winter twilight. Dorcas stood near the fire in a thoughtful mood. Lucy was down stairs in the drawing room, at the piano. They could hear the faint echo of her soft playing as they sat there in silence. Sibylla was in no humor to talk: she had repulsed

Decima rudely—or it may rather be said fractiously—when the latter had ventured on conversation. Lady Verner had gone out to dinner. The Countess of Elmsley had been there that day, and she had asked Lady Verner to go over in the evening and take a friendly dinner with her. "Bring any of them that you like with you," had been her careless words in parting. But Lady Verner had not chosen to take "any of them;" she had dressed and driven off in the hired fly alone: and this it was that was exciting the anger of Sibylla.

She thought Lady Verner might have taken her. She thought Lady Verner ought to have taken her. In point of fact, Sibylla had been the stumbling-block to Lady Verner. The Countess of Elmsley did not like Sibylla. Whether the feeling was a spontaneous one on her own part, or whether she had been infected by the prejudices of Lady Verner, certain it was, that the Countess did not show favor to the wife of Mr. Verner. To have her at their friendly reunion would mar its pleasure to both of them. But Lady Vernor would not take Lucy or Decima, from the slight it would reflect on Sibylla. Hence, she had gone alone, and Sibylla was resenting it.

Lucy came in and knelt down on the rug before the fire, half shivering.

"I am so cold!" she said. "Do you know what I did, Decima? I let the fire go out. Sometime after Lady Verner went up to dress, I turned round and found the fire was out. My hands are quite numbed."

"You have gone on playing there without a fire!" cried Decima.

"I shall be warm again directly," said Lucy, cheerily. "As I passed through the hall, the reflection of the blaze came out of the dining-room. We shall get warm there. Is your head still aching, Mrs. Verner?"

"It is always aching," snapped Sibylla.

Lucy, kind and gentle in spirit, unretorting, ever considerate for the misfortunes which had come upon Mrs. Verner, went to her side.

"Shall I get you a little of your aromatic vinegar?" she asked.

"You need not trouble to get anything for me," was the ungracious answer.

Lucy, thus repulsed, stood in silence at the window. The window, on the side of the house, overlooked the road which led to Sir Rufus Hautley's. A carriage, apparently closely shut up, so far as she could see in the dark, its coachman and footman attending it, was bowling rapidly down towards the village.

"There's Sir Rufus Hautley's carriage," said Lucy. "I suppose he is going out to dinner."

Decima drew to the window and looked out. The carriage came sweeping round the point, and turned, on its road to the village, as they supposed. In the still silence of the room, they could hear its wheels on the frosty road, after they lost sight of it: could hear it bowl before their house, and—stop at the gates.

"It has stopped here!" exclaimed Lucy.

Decima moved quietly back to the fire and sat down. A fancy arose to Lucy that she, Decima, had turned unusually pale. Was it so?—or was it fancy? If it was fancy, why should the fancy have arisen? Ghastly pale her face certainly looked, as the blaze played upon it.

A few minutes, and one of the servants came in, handing a note to Decima.

"Bring lights," said Decima, in a low tone.

The lights were brought; and then Decima's agitation was apparent. Her hands shook as she broke the seal of the letter.—Lucy gazed in surprise; Sibylla, somewhat aroused from her own grievances, in curiosity.

"Desire the carriage to wait," said Decima.

"It is waiting, Miss Decima. The servants said they had orders."

Decima crushed the note into her pocket as well as her shaking fingers would allow her, and left the room. What could have occurred thus to agitate calm and stately Decima? Before Lucy and Mrs. Verner had recovered their surprise she was back again, dressed to go out.

"I am sorry to leave you so abruptly, as mamma is not here," she said. "I dare say Lionel will be in to dinner. If not, you must for once entertain each other."

"But where are you going?" cried Mrs. Verner.

"To Sir Rufus Hautley's. He wishes to see me."

"What does he want with you?" continued Sibylla.

"I do not know," replied Decima.

She quitted the room and went down to the carriage, which had waited for her. Mrs. Verner and Lucy heard it drive away again as quickly as it had driven up. As it turned the corner and pursued its way up the road, past the window they were looking from, but at some distance from it, they fancied they saw the form of Decima inside, looking out at them.

"Sir Rufus is taken ill," said old Catharine to them, by way of news. "The servants say that it's feared he won't live through the night. Mr. Jan is there, and Dr. Hayes from Heartburg."

"But what can he want with Miss Verner?" reiterated Sibylla.

Catherine shook her head. She had not the remotest idea.

Lionel Verner did not come in for dinner. His non-appearance was no improvement to the temper of his wife. It had occurred lately that Lionel did not always get home to dinner. Sometimes, when detained at Verner's Pride, he would take it with John Massingbird; if out on the estate, and unable to get home in time, he would eat something when he came in. Her fractious state of mind did not tend to soothe the headache she had complained of earlier in the day.—Every half hour that passed without her husband's entrance made her worse in all ways, head and temper; and about nine o'clock she went up to her sitting-room and lay down on the sofa, saying that her temples were splitting.

Lucy followed her. Lucy thought she must really be ill. She could not understand that anything should be so fractious, except from wearying pain.

"I will bathe your temples," she gently said.

Sibylla did not appear to care whether her temples were bathed or not. Lucy got some water in a basin and two thin handkerchiefs, wringing out one and placing it on Mrs. Verner's head and forehead, kneeling to her task. That her temples were throbbing and her head was hot, there was no question: the handkerchief was no sooner on than it was warm, and Lucy had to exchange it for the other.

"It is Lionel's fault," suddenly burst forth Sibylla.

"His fault?" returned Lucy. "How can it be his fault?"

"What business has he to stop out?"

"But if he cannot help it?" returned Lucy. "The other evening, don't you remember, Mr. Verner said, when he came in, that he could not help being late sometimes now!"

"*You* need not defend him," said Sibylla. "It seems to me that you are all ready to take his part against me."

Lucy made no reply. An assertion more unfounded could not be spoken. At that moment the step of Lionel was heard on the stairs. He came in, looked jaded and tired.

"Up here this evening!" he exclaimed, laying down a paper or parchment which he had in his hand. "Catherine says my mother and Decima are out. Why, Sibylla, what is the matter?"

Sibylla dashed the handkerchief off her brow as he advanced to her, and rose up, speaking vehemently. The sight of her husband appeared to have brought the climax to her temper.

"Where have you been? Why were you not in to dinner?"

"I could not get home in time. I have been detained."

"It is false," she retorted, her blue eyes flashing fire. "Business! business! It is always your excuse now! You stay out for no good purpose."

The outbreak startled Lucy. She backed a few paces, looking scared.

"Sibylla!" was all the amazed reply uttered by Lionel.

"You leave me here, hour after hour, to solitude and tears, while you are out, taking your pleasure! I have all the endurance of our position, and you the enjoyment."

He battled for a moment with his rising feelings; battled for calmness, for forbearance, for strength to bear. There were moments when he was tempted to answer her in her own spirit.

"Pleasure and I have not been very close friends of late, Sibylla," he gravely said.—"None can know that better than you. My horse fell lame, and I have been leading him these last two hours. I have now to go to Verner's Pride. Something has arisen on which I must see Mr. Massingbird."

"It is false, it is false," reiterated Sibylla.—"You are not going to Verner's Pride; you are not going to see Mr. Massingbird. You best know where you are going; but it is not there. It is the old story of Rachel Frost over again."

The words confounded Lionel: both that they were inexplicable, and spoken in such vehement passion.

"What do you say about Rachel Frost?" he asked.

"You know what I say, and what I mean. When Deerham looked far and near for the man who did the injury to Rachel, they little thought they might have found him in Lionel Verner. Lucy Tempest, it is true. He—"

But Lionel had turned imperatively to Lucy, drawing her to the door, which he opened. It was no place for her, a discussion such as this.

"Will you be so kind as to go down and make me a cup of tea, Lucy?" he said, in a wonderfully calm tone, considering the provocation he was receiving. He closed the door on Lucy, and turned to his wife.

"Sibylla, allow me to request, nay, to insist, that when you have fault to find, or reproach to cast to me, you choose a moment when we are alone. If you have no care for what may be due to me and to yourself, you will do well to bear in mind that something is due to others. Now, then, tell me what you mean about Rachel Frost."

"I won't," said Sibylla. "You are killing me," and she burst into tears.

Oh, it was weary work!—weary work for him. Such a wife as this!

"In what way am I killing you?"

"Why do you leave me so much alone?"

"I have undertaken work, and I must do it. But, as to leaving you alone, when I am with you you scarcely ever give me a civil word."

"You are leaving me now—you are wanting to go to Verner's Pride to-night," she reiterated with strange inconsistency, considering that she had just insinuated he did *not* want to go there.

"I must go there, Sibylla. I have told you why: and I have told you truth. Again I ask you what you meant about Rachel Frost."

Sibylla flung up her hands petulantly.

"I won't tell you, I say. And you can't make me. I wish, I *wish* Fred had not died."

She turned round on the sofa and buried her face in the cushions. Lionel, true to the line of conduct he had carved out for himself, to give her all possible token of respect and affection ever, whatever might be her provocation—and all the more true to it from the very consciousness that the love of his inmost heart grew less hers, more another's day by day, bent over her and spoke kindly. She flung back her hand in a repelling manner towards him, and maintained an obstinate silence. Lionel, sick and weary, at length withdrew, taking up the parchment.

How sick and weary, none, save himself, could know. Lucy Tempest had the tea before her, apparently ready, when he looked into the drawing-room.

"I am going on now to Verner's Pride, Lucy. You can tell my mother so, should she ask after me when she returns. I may be late."

"But you will take some tea first?" cried Lucy, in a hasty tone. "You asked me to make it for you."

He knew he had; asked her as an excuse to get her from the room.

"I don't care for it," he wearily answered.

"I am sure you are tired," said Lucy. "When did you dine?"

"I have not dined. I have taken nothing since I left home this morning."

"Oh!"

She was hastening to the bell. Lionel stopped her, laying his hand upon her arm.

"I could not eat it, Lucy. Just one cup of tea, if you will."

She returned to the table, poured out the cup of tea, and he drank it standing.

"Shall I take Mrs. Verner up a cup?" asked Lucy. "Will she drink it, do you think?"

"Thank you, Lucy. It may do her head good. I think it aches much to-night."

He turned, and departed. Lucy noticed that he had left the parchment behind him, and ran after him with it. Catching him as he was about to close the hall-door. She knew that all such business-looking papers went up to Verner's Pride.

"Did you mean to leave it? Or have you forgotten it?"

He had forgotten it. He took it from her, retaining her hand for a moment.

"Lucy, *you* will not misjudge me?" he said, in a strange tone of pain.

Lucy looked up at him with a bright smile and a very emphatic shake of the head. She knew by instinct that he alluded to the accusation of his wife, touching Rachel Frost. Lucy misjudge *him!*

"You should have waited to eat some dinner," she gayly said. "Take care you don't faint by the way, like that sick patient of Jan's did, the other morning."

Lionel went on. At any rate there was peace outside, if not within: the peace of outward calm. He lifted his hat; he bared his brow, aching with its weight of trouble, to the clear night air; he wondered whether he should have, *so* to bear, for his whole long life. At the moment of passing the outer gates, the carriage of Sir Rufus Hautley drew up, bearing Decima.

Lionel waited to receive her. He helped her out, and gave her his arm to the hall-door. Decima walked with her head down.

"You are silent, Decima. Are you sad?"

"Yes," she answered. "Sir Rufus is dead."

"Dead!" echoed Lionel in very astonishment, for he had heard nothing of the sudden illness.

"It is so," she replied, breaking into sobs. "Spasms at the heart, they say. Jan and Dr. Hayes were there, but they could not save him." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Mr. Coventry Patmore says:—

"Before all else, when wed you do,
See that the woman equals you;
A poor estate's a foolish plea
For marrying to a base degree;
A gentlewoman's twice as cheap,
As well as pleasanter, to keep."

☞ A young man, knowing that a young lady, of whom he imagined himself enamored, understood the language of flowers, sent her a beautiful rose, as a declaration of love, attaching a slip of paper, on which was written, "If not accepted I proceed to war." In return she forwarded a pickle jar containing a single mango (man go!)

☞ A thrifty wife wonders why the men can't manage to do something useful. Might they not as well amuse themselves in smoking hams as smoking cigars? [Sometimes they do—when they are cold.]

☞ "Well, Spurt," said Quiz, during a discussion of the tax bill, "the tax will come pretty heavy on you." "On me, why?" "Because income is to be taxed, and everybody knows that you're a ninoum!"

☞ M. Mirbel has very properly compared the terrestrial globe to two immense mountains, whose bases are united at the equator, and whose summits are the arctic regions around its northern and southern poles.

☞ Mary Magdalen had but seven devils. Probably the race of devils has increased and multiplied since. Our rebel women, if we may judge from the manifestations of some of them, have about seventy devils apiece.

☞ As two gentlemen were discussing the merits of a popular preacher, one of them remarked: "He always prays for the widows and orphans, but never says anything about widowers."

☞ Little girls believe in a man in the moon—young ladies believe in a man in the honey-moon.

☞ An Irishman just from the sod was eating some old cheese, when he found, to his dismay, that it contained living inhabitants. "Be jabers!" said he, "does your chaze in this counthry have childer?"

☞ "Mamma," said Master Harry, "how fat Amelia has grown!" "Yes," replied his mother, "but don't say 'fat,' dear; say 'stout.'" At the dinner table on the following day, Harry was asked if he would take any fat. "No, thank you," said Harry, "I'll take some stout." His mother *leaned* back in her chair with surprise.

☞ "Did I understand you to call me a puppy, sir?" "Yes, sir, I called you a puppy." "Lucky for you! The insult is too small to notice; but had you called me a dog—an old dog—I would have knocked you down."

A VERY NOVEL SUIT.—Yesterday morning Squire Ben. Eggleston, of this city, a venerable gentleman, whose hairs are silvered with the frosts of sixty-five winters, was arrested by Constable Lewis Reese, and arraigned before Justice Hampton, in South Covington, on the charge of kissing Miss Lavina Fenton, a young and beautiful lady, contrary to her wishes. The Squire was fined $1 and costs for the offence.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

LAW AND THE "PATHIES."

Some time ago one Dr. Newton made his appearance, at Sansom Street Hall, under the auspices of the Spiritual Association, who hold forth each Sabbath at that place. Dr. Newton is a healing medicine, in the opinion of that party, of unusual powers. He delivered a lecture on that Sunday, and at the close of the performance all the lame and halt—those whose faculties were in any way impaired, were invited to stay and be healed.

The doctor put his hands upon each patient. That Sunday he manipulated about a dozen invalids and cripples. Upon some he produced no effect, but there is no doubt that two or three of the number who either were, or supposed themselves to be, the inhabitants of various diseases, walked away apparently whole. How far they walked before the excitement died away, and they sank again, or whether they were permanently cured, is more than we can say.

The doctor shortly afterwards rented a furnished house, No. 1202 Chestnut street, and without a line of advertising, he has had from one to two hundred patients a day ever since. The house is dingely furnished, but looks like a place of the briskest kind of business. Visitors are received in the parlor. The furniture is scanty, and upon the unopened piano, the mantle and the table, are plainly framed photographs, representing parties whom the doctor is said to have cured of every variety of ill ever yet heard of. A frosty haired man sits at a desk by the back window. He is the doctor's secretary. He receives the fees and gives tickets to visitors to see the doctor, whose office is in the second story back room. In passing up the stairway is seen about half a cord of crutches and canes, which the secretary declares to have been left by patients whom the doctor has cured.

In the upper room we find the doctor. An opened door shows a large wheelbarrow load of "ear-horns," left by deaf people who, after seeing the doctor, needed them no longer. The presiding genius of the office, Dr. Newton, is a man of rather more than medium height, good figure and presence, the top of the head and forehead prematurely bald. His hair and whiskers are gray. His age is about forty-five. We find him looking at a patient just entered. The patient has a broken back.

"You have a spine disease?" he says.

"Yes," replies the patient, a boy of 18, evidently very poor.

"I can't cure you. You have had palpitation of the heart?"

"Yes, very bad."

"I can cure that, and this will be a great deal."

The doctor embraces the boy, and presses his hands upon his heart.

At this moment two ladies, who had previously assured us that the doctor had cured them of diseases, began to talk.

"Don't talk while I am operating," said the doctor. "When my whole will is concentrated upon a patient, talking distresses me, and breaks the current of magnetism in its passage from me to my patient."

In about sixty or eighty seconds the doctor released the boy. "Now," said he, "you are cured of palpitation of the heart. You will never feel it again."

The boy said his arm hurt him badly, and the arm was similarly treated, but whether a cure was made the reader knows as well as we. We saw four persons, all very poor, who gratefully ascribed the cure of various ailments to the doctor. This was last Saturday afternoon, and these people came to receive their pensions. The doctor tells us that to some dozens of his indigent patients he donates $3 or more every week. The doctor made a slight explanation of his theory and practice. He says that the cures he performs are quite as astonishing to himself as to any one else. He asked a doubting visitor to hold his hand about a foot above his (the doctor's) head, when he would feel a magnetic current ascending from it. The gentleman did so, and professed to feel it, but soon withdrew his hand. The doctor said it made him sick, but, when the fluid or magnetism passed off naturally from him to the patient, the sensation was highly pleasing, though somewhat exhausting.

Upon the walls of the doctor's office are conspicuously placarded:

"Never use any kind of medicine." "Never use intoxicating drinks of any kind." "Never sleep with the arms to the head," and others equally peculiar.

In cases of rheumatism, chronic stiffness, and the like, he kneads the surface of the affected parts, holds hot bricks or hot water to them, and can thus attend two hundred patients a day. We know of at least twenty persons, whose intelligence cannot be doubted, who claim thus instantaneously to have been cured by Dr. Newton. We have heard of others who have left his door under high excitement, leaving their crutches behind, who have sunk exhausted after reeling for a short distance, and have not since risen from their beds. The doctor's fee is ten dollars for the first visit. If a number of visits are necessary he requires a fee of five dollars upon every thousand the patient says he is worth. The poor he charges nothing.

The doctor, however, was yesterday held to answer by the Recorder in $1,000, on a charge of "assault and battery, and a violation of the act against conjuring, etc." A preliminary hearing came off last Thursday. The case was that of a child who was brought to the doctor by its parents. Four days after he had manipulated it, it was found by Drs. Stuart and DeLacy that the integuments of one of the vertebræ of the child's spine was broken, producing a curvature, crippling the child for life.

The office of the Recorder yesterday was well filled. Dr. Newton was accompanied by George Earl, Esq., as counsel. The prosecutor was represented by Lewis C. Cassidy, Esq. There was no additional testimony, except that of detective Somers, who had professionally consulted the doctor.

Mr. Somers said that he applied to the doctor for relief from an affection of the kidneys. The only thing of which he was relieved was five dollars. But on cross-examination he said he had only visited the doctor once. He found that $2 was necessary for a second visit, and he didn't think the money well enough spent. On the previous hearing the parents of the child had testified to the character of the doctor's treatment, and the doctors affirmed to the results.

Mr. Earle made a very learned speech. He endeavored to show that the charge of assault and battery was absurd, as there was no animus for an assault. As to the charge of conjuring, or incantation, that was a farce. The "motive treatment" is already admitted as scientific throughout Europe, and this is the doctor's theory. If he has done his patient an injury, the remedy is in the civil courts. Muller, the greatest of Prussian physicians, was once prosecuted, just as the doctor is now, but the judge refused to hear the case, referring the parties to the civil courts.

Here Mr. Cassidy interrupted. "The mother of this child testified that she asked the doctor to cure her of hemorrhoids (piles). The doctor jerked her arms back and forth, and said she was cured. I would like to ask the counsel if this is the way this kind of disease culminates in cure?" (Laughter.)

Mr. Earle—"I would like to ask the counsel if he has not known the piles to be cured by exercise—walking for instance?"

Mr. Cassidy—"No, sir; quite the reverse. I've been trying that for a number of years, but it didn't work." (A general grin.)

Mr. Earle resumed his speech by showing that the charge was absurd. He ranged through history, showing the troubles of Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood; Jenner, who found that cow's teats cured small pox, and of numerous other savans in literature and science, who had almost received the fate of the men who invented the steam engine and the umbrella. He pronounced Dr. Newton as a gentleman who could bring before a jury the subjects of more remarkable cures than the entire faculty could boast. He was very glad to see that there were none of the regular faculty present, and deplored the spirit of the prosecution in earnest terms.

Mr. Cassidy was short and terse. The case before a jury might show that he was all wrong. At present he should ask that the doctor be held over. As to the conjuring part of the business, pow-wowing was as much against the statute as fortune-telling. Assault and battery is the legal term for the violence done to the child. The doctor may be very charitable. So was Robin Hood. He too took from the rich and gave to the poor. Motive power and magnetism might all be very well, but society should be protected against persons claiming to treat disease who know nothing of the human organization, and profess an ability to effect instantaneous cures by semi-miraculous agency.

This closed the speaking. The Recorder said he would like to discharge the doctor, but couldn't conscientiously do it. He would be obliged to ask a thousand dollars security for the doctor's appearance at Court. This was entered. The crowd then dispersed. The assemblage comprised the largest collection of spiritualists we have yet seen outside of the Harmonia society's meetings at Sansom Street Hall.—*Philadelphia North American.*

An Incident of Battle—Colonel McNeil at South Mountain.

Col. Hugh McNeil, of the famous Pennsylvania "Bucktail" Regiment, who was killed at the battle of Antietam, was one of the most accomplished officers in the Federal service. A soldier relates an exploit of his at South Mountain, which is worth recording:—

During the battle at South Mountain the rebels held a very strong position. They were posted in the mountain pass, and had infantry on the heights on every side. Our men were compelled to carry the place by storm. The position seemed impregnable; large craggy rocks protected the enemy on every side, while our men were exposed to a galling fire.

A band of rebels occupied a ledge on the extreme right, as the colonel approached with a few of his men. The unseen force poured upon them a volley. McNeil, on the instant, gave the command:

"Pour your fire upon those rocks!"

The Bucktails hesitated; it was not an order that they had been accustomed to receive; they had always picked their men.

"Fire!" thundered the colonel, "I tell you to fire at those rocks."

The men obeyed. For some time an irregular fire was kept up, the Bucktails sheltering themselves as best they could, behind trees and rocks. On a sudden, McNeil caught sight of two rebels peering through an opening in the work, to get an aim. The eyes of the men followed their commander, and half-a-dozen rifles were levelled in that direction.

"Wait a minute," said the colonel, "I will try my hand. There is nothing like killing two birds with one stone."

The two rebels were not in line, but one stood a little distance back of the other, while just in front of the foremost was a slanting rock. Col. McNeil seized a rifle, raised it, glanced a moment along the polished barrel; a report followed, and both the rebels disappeared. At that moment a loud cheer a little distance beyond rent the air.

"All is right now," cried the colonel, "charge the rascals."

The men sprang up among the rocks in an instant. The affrighted rebels turned to run, but encountered another body of the Bucktails, and were obliged to surrender. Not a man of them escaped. Every one saw the object of the colonel's order to fire at random among the rocks. He had sent the party around to their rear, and meant this to attract their attention. It was a perfect success.

The two rebels by the opening in the ledge were found lying there stiff and cold. Col. McNeil's bullet had struck the slanting rock in front of them, glanced, and passed through both their heads. There it lay beside them, flattened. The colonel picked it up and put it in his pocket.

REAL ESTATE RISING.—Real estate has at length been reached by the currency, and we may confidently expect not only great activity but much higher prices. At the New York real estate sales rooms the attendance is daily larger, and all the evidences of manner and feeling point to another wild speculation and fabulous prices before the end is reached. Real estate is usually the last marketable commodity to yield to the influence of the currency, but when the movement is once started it soon becomes the most uncontrollable of all speculations. If the currency shall be materially increased during the coming year, or if the impression shall strengthen that it will be increased, real estate promises to become the all-absorbing fancy. Many persons looking to the safety of their capital during the rebellion, are having recourse to investments in real estate as the only staple security.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

WINE FROM SORGHUM.—Wine of a good color and taste, something in flavor like sherry, but in body and richness like old Madeira, made from the sorghum, was exhibited at the state fair in Indiana, by Mr. Myres, of Springfield, Ohio. It can be made and sold for five cents a gallon. The sorghum stalk is used for sugar or molasses, as fully as possible, and the wine is then made from the refuse, the crushed and juiceless splinters. It is made only of that cane which has yielded all the sugar it contains. The quantity obtained, Mr. Myres states, is about one barrel of wine for every ten of molasses, using only the refuse after the molasses is made. This is the cheapest wine made, and will add to the value of the sorghum, every part of which appears to be useful. The refuse, after making wine, can be turned into paper pulp for printing purposes.

THE GUNBOATS.—The gunboats, lying in the Rappahannock river, between Port Royal and Port Conway, were attacked on the 11th by the rebels with some very heavy guns. The rebels occupied a very strong position on Borden's Hill, and fired with great precision on the gunboats, compelling them to change their position. The rebels, emboldened, ran a battery down to the edge of a swamp that laid between them and the gunboats, and opened fire. The gunboats were reinforced on the 12th, when it was expected they would give a good account of themselves. The position they occupied on the 11th was a very difficult one for them to make their guns bear on the rebel batteries.

WINTER FASHIONS.

Ladies complain that this winter fashion is mercilessly exacting. By the freaks of the Empress Eugenie all Christendom is affected. Eugenie wears nothing but Russian sables. Mink fur is just as warm, so is Hudson's Bay sable. Eugenie having an unlimitedly large bank-book, sports Russia sables. For this reason every fashion-plate showed a series of rabbit-chinned women, with mouths two sizes smaller than their eyes, all clad in the same costly muffs, victorines and talmas. While no two are habited in the same style of garment, the coincidence in furs is perfect. This bothers the entire remaining portion of the civilized world, and gives the heart-ache to moderate sized pocket-books.

Eugenie gives a lift to Lyons by wearing cloaks of Lyons velvet. Last winter she sported a costly plush. Our ladies followed copy, according to the length of their purses, and those who couldn't afford the more expensive kinds, sported the frosted beaver and the imitations. Eugenie is cloaked in velvet to her very heels. For this reason the revolving ladies with wax busts, in the windows of the cloakerics, are patterned after her. The ladies pattern from the effigies, and with the price of velvet enormously increased, ladies who must be the ton, must make extravagant demands upon any ordinary finances. This, however, is not all. It is bad enough, but the song carries a chorus in the shape of trimming. The [illegible] dicates rich lace. Nothing like sham to p[illegible]nswer. The gracefully rounded shoulders that support the velvet cloak must be bordered with guipure to correspond. A yard of this article, four inches wide, leaves the change from a ten dollar note scarce worth consideration. Rich silk must line the garment, and altogether its cost is at least twice that of the handsomest overcoat seen in Chestnut street. We looked at them yesterday. Nothing at all presentable was shown us at less than $65, for the best furnished the price was $125 to $175, according to the trimming.

So much for this part of the female wardrobe. Gentlemen who have milliners' bills to pay next spring will learn another wrinkle. Eugenie is getting *embonpoint*. Her chin is coming forward. She sees *her feet* less easily than she did four years ago. To give the proper equipoise to her head she affects the longest and richest ostrich plumes, falling back to the rearward of her velvet bonnet. Read up on *Le Follet*, as we did yesterday, and Eugenie's head gear appears to be inevitably these white flowing plumes, in bonnets of black, garnet and Solferino velvet. The lady reader will please note that three bonnets are the maximum even for an Empress—how many are worn by Mrs. Lincoln is more than we have the means of ascertaining.

Ladies of liberal expenditure, too, used to regard ten dollars as the full equivalent for a handsome bonnet. Looking round among our artists in female head-gear, yesterday afternoon, we found nothing at that figure that could be characterized as anything like a "duck" of an article. A first class feather, such as appears frequently on the promenade, costs eight dollars to begin with—we saw them worth ten dollars, and even more—the velvet to fashion a bonnet costs at least six dollars, a French frame 37 cents, the ribbon 62 cents a yard, the flowers and "inside trimming" a dollar more. This is at wholesale price, and brings a lady's bonnet at a high figure.

The prices asked for ladies' shoes is just about double what they were two years ago. We are glad to see followed an example set by Eugenie, and that is the wearing of honest, double sole boots. The story is told at once by the display in the windows of the shoemakers' stores. Ladies now wear as thick boots as gentlemen formerly wore. Such boots two years ago could be bought for three dollars. This was the outside figure. Families were supplied at this rate, and their bills sent in twice a year. The price is now five dollars, payable on delivery. Common ready made shoes, eastern work, that formerly could be sold only to the poorer or undiscriminating class of people in the cities, now brings the former price of customer work. The newly introduced, thick-soled boots for ladies, however, are cheaper in proportion than the others. A single pair of them will do a winter's service.

So much for some of the points on the winter fashions. Old bachelors will probably pooh-pooh the entire subject, and bless their stars that it has no bearing upon their finances or cogitations. To others, however, the case is very different.—*Philadelphia North American.*

NEWS ITEMS.

FROM MISSISSIPPI.—It is said that the negroes in great numbers are coming into Gen. Grant's lines, bringing horses, mules, and wagons. They are set to work ginning and baling cotton. They receive wages for their labor, and, it is said, do twice the work they performed as slaves. There is every indication that if the masters were well disposed, the transition from the system of involuntary labor to paid labor would be much easier than many have supposed.

JEWS IN ENGLAND.—At the recent meeting of the Manchester Auxiliary Society, for promoting Christianity among the Jews, it was stated by Mr. Robert Gladstone, the chairman, that at the time of the formation of the society there were but thirty-five believing Jews in all England, but now there were two thousand in London alone, and that upwards of eighty converts had been ordained as ministers of the Church of England.

THE Duc de Grammont Caderousse, who recently killed an Englishman named Dillon, a writer in the French journal *Le Sport*, in a duel, and was acquitted, as usual, by a French jury, has been just condemned by the civil tribunal to pay to the mother of the deceased, who was dependent on him, 3,000 francs for expenses of funeral, &c., and also an annuity of 3,600 francs for her own life, with the reversion of two-thirds of that sum to her two sons, who are confined as lunatics.

A HINDOO MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—An East India paper says:—"We learn from an esteemed correspondent in Benares that some of the wealthy bankers of that city, piqued at the bold earnestness and pertinacity of modern missionaries—forcing, as it were, Christianity on them in their very homes and temples—have resolved to originate a rival missionary society for the propagation and defence of Hindooism. At present we believe the scheme is in its embryo state."

THE WEALTHIEST PRIVATE.—Elias Howe, whose yearly income is said to be $200,000, passed through Washington some time since, with a Connecticut regiment, of which he is a private. He sometimes acts as mail-carrier for the regiment, and while the boys waited for their pay, he advanced them some $35,000. Can any nation produce such a volunteer?

MISSOURI.—A classification of the members returned to the next Missouri Legislature shows fifty-nine emancipationists and thirty-eight conservatives. This secures to the state the election of two Emancipation United States Senators, and the adoption of measures to relieve the state of the burden of slavery.

☞ It is stated that 167,000 of the troops under the last call for 300,000 are now in the field.

NEWS ITEMS.

A VOLUNTEER, writing home about camp expedients for comfort, speaks of mattresses made of sugar barrel staves that are unrivalled for securing *sweet* sleep.

COTTON is arriving at Cairo from Memphis so fast that speculators have been glad to realize at reduced figures. The country which Gen. Grant is opening is prolific with cotton.

THE recent pond freshet on Oil Creek, Pa., caused the destruction of about ten thousand barrels of oil, valued at $100,000.

ORACULAR.—The London Saturday Review thus sneers at any one's doubting the success of the southern cause:—"We did not need a Cabinet Minister to tell us, what all who possess even the most elementary acquaintance with passing events in America have known for more than half a year, that the independence of the southern states is an accomplished fact."

THE Historical Society of New England, on hearing of the general sending of old books and pamphlets to the paper manufacturers, by persons wishing to realize the good prices now paid for such matter, held a meeting in Boston on Wednesday, and voted that every member be requested to visit paper mills where practicable, and that agents should be appointed for the same purpose, in order that old papers, pamphlets and other documents which might prove of historical interest might be saved. Some very important documents came to light at the paper millspy.

A BRAVE OFFICER.—Col. Bartlett, who commands the Forty-seventh Massachusetts regiment, was once a captain in the Twentieth Massachusetts. In one of the early battles of the war he lost a leg, but its place has been supplied with a wooden substitute. He now marches with comparatively little difficulty, and rides with perfect ease. This brave officer lately arrived in New York on his way to the seat of war. His conduct is a stinging rebuke to those "brave" shoulder-strapped sons of Mars who invalid themselves on the slightest pretence.

THE ADVANCE IN COTTON.—It is said that Bombay has already been enriched to the extent of nearly £4,000,000 by the advance in the price of cotton, one Parsee alone having cleared £800,000 by his speculation in that article.

A NOVEL ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION.—It seems that Admiral Porter, of the Mississippi fleet, is to have the use on his gunboats of a new invention, by Engineer James W. Whittaker, which is reported to be capable of effecting the certain destruction of any enemy's ship, no matter how thickly it is clad with iron. Mr. Whittaker is said to be applying his invention to all the Western iron-clads.—It would be well for the government to favor our seaports with samples of this destructive agent, whose nature is properly kept secret.

SUPPLY OF SILK.—The *Courrier de Saint-Etienne* (France) says: "The obstinate war of the Taepings has caused a serious perturbation in the silk producing provinces of China. Information derived from a trustworthy source enables us to affirm that the exportation of silk from China will this year unavoidably suffer a diminution of more than a third. We shall receive about thirty thousand bales less than previously. It is, however, hoped to fill up in great part that deficiency by means of the home crop, which, between France, Italy and Syria, is likely to yield an augmentation over preceding years equal to about twenty thousand Chinese bales. Japan is also expected to send ten thousand bales more than last year, so that the deficit will be thus provided for."

THE EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES IN MISSOURI.—Mr. Noell, of Missouri, has prepared a bill, which will be introduced into the House of Representatives, to submit the propositions of the President to the state of Missouri, that upon the adoption by that state of a system for the immediate abolition of slavery therein, to take effect on or before the 1st day of January, 1864, the United States will provide for the compensation to the loyal owners of slaves therein to the extent of twenty millions of dollars in United States bonds, redeemable in thirty years, and will remove to some place out of the United States, and colonize them, such of the emancipated slaves as elect to leave the State.

GERTRUDE PIERSON was found in a railroad car en route for the seat of war, last week, in a lieutenant's uniform, and was promptly arrested. This freak of hers did not arise from a desire to engage in the national conflict, but to escape domestic troubles, which, according to her story, were peculiarly aggravating. She is said to be very pretty.

APPOINTMENT.—The Lynn Reporter states that Mrs. F. W. Lander, ("Miss Davenport,") of that city, widow of the lamented Gen. Lander, has been appointed lady superintendent of hospitals in the department of the South, and will soon proceed, with her mother, to Port Royal, S. C., where they will reside. She is said to be eminently fitted for the position.

THE POPE BUILDING HIS OWN TOMB.—A Roman correspondent of the *Courrier des Marches* states that the mausoleum which Pius IX. has ordered to be erected for himself in the church of Sta. Maria Major at Rome has been commenced. It is to be in the same style as that of Pius VIII. in St. Peter's. Thirty thousand crowns have been assigned for its construction; but there is reason to believe it will cost much more.

MANDARIN WARD, the American general in the service of the Chinese against their rebels, and lately killed, was a native of Salem, Mass., and only thirty-one years old. He was a son of Frederick G. Ward, and his own name Frederick Townsend Ward; he graduated from the Salem High School in 1847, and has had an adventurous and romantic career since—one experience being that of a lieutenant in the French army in the Crimean war. He leaves several hundred thousands of dollars.

IN THE crowd that crossed at Fredericksburg in the boats before the bridge was completed, was a newsboy from New York, known as "Jimmy." The young adventurer had smuggled himself in the boat, and being a favorite, the men did not put him out.

THE SIOUX.—The President says in a recent message to Congress, relative to the Minnesota Indians:—

"Anxious to not act with so much clemency as to encourage another outbreak on the one hand, nor with so much severity to be real cruelty on the other, I caused a careful examination of the records of the trials to be made, in view of first ordering the execution of such as had been proved guilty of violating females; and, contrary to my expectations, only two of the cases were found. I then directed a further examination, and a classification of all who were proved to have participated in the massacres as distinguished from participation in battles. This class numbered forty, and included two convicted of female violation. One of the number is strongly recommended to the commission which tried them for commutation to ten years' imprisonment. I have ordered the other thirty-nine to be executed on Friday, the 19th inst.

☞ A Frenchman recently described Paris as a French city where men sometimes pass away the evenings with other men's wives, never with their own.

THE WORLD OF LONDON.—There are three thousand eight hundred streets in London, which, if they were placed in a straight line, would extend three thousand miles, or twice the distance from Calais to Constantinople. If a person should undertake to walk through all these streets, and should walk ten miles a day each working day, it would require a whole year, and meanwhile a new city, with from 60,000 to 70,000 inhabitants, would be built. There are more Scottish descendants in London than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, 100,000 more Romanists than in Rome, more Jews than in Palestine; 60,000 Germans, or more than the population of Leipsic, and twice as many as of Potsdam; 30,000 French—as many as in Boulogne or Havre; 6,000 Italians, and a large number of Asiatics, and many who still worship idols. A great missionary field is thus brought to the heart of the world's metropolis.

WASHINGTON ITEMS.—The correspondent of the Associated Press telegraphs from Washington:—

"Official information, just communicated, warrants the assertion that the French Government has no idea of prosecuting any further their proposition for an armistice or mediation.

"No propositions of any kind, in any form, from any insurrectionary quarter have been received by the President or any member of the Cabinet."

GOOD NEWS FROM THE SOUTHWEST.—Despatches from General Grant's army state that he already had 1,200 prisoners, taken in the course of the pursuit of Pemberton's army, in its retreat from Grenada, Miss., and that more were being brought in hourly.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is some little export demand for Flour, but generally at a price below the views of holders, with sales of 8000 bbls in lots at $6@6,12½ for superfine; $6,50 for extras; $7@7,50 for Western extra family, and $8 8,25 for fancy Ohio do, as to quality. The bulk of the sales were of good Ohio family at $7,25@7,50, including about 2000 bbls city mills extra and extra family on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been limited within the same range of prices, and high grade finches at $8,75@9 ₽ bbl. The receipts and stocks continue fair for the season. Rye Flour is unsettled and lower, with small sales at $5,25@5,75 ₽ bbl, the latter for good city mills. Corn Meal is firmer; Penna is wanted at $3,50; Brandywine is held at $4,25 ₽ bbl. Buckwheat Meal is scarce and worth $3@3,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat, and prices under a steady demand both for shipment and milling, are 1@2¢ better, with sales of some 18,000 bus at $1,45@1,50 for Western, Penna and Southern reds, in store and afloat, mostly at $1,48 for prime Penna in store, at which rate it is firm, and from $1,60 to 1,85 for white, the latter for choice Kentucky. Rye is rather better, with small receipts and sales of Penna at 96@98c, and Southern at 92@93c. Corn, the receipts are very light, and old yellow is scarce and wanted at an advance of 5@7c on the rates current last week, with sales of about 25,000 bus, part Western mixed at 78@85c, and small lots at higher figures, including white at 80@82c, and new yellow at 70@80c, as to condition. Oats are in better demand, and 35,000 bus sold at 41@42c for Delaware and Penna, the latter in store, including some lots taken at 62c for 32 lbs. Barley is quiet, with small sales at $1,45@1,50, and Barley Malt at $1,50 ₽ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is more doing in Pork, and about 1500 bbls Mess have been sold at $18@13,50, including new at $14, which prices are refused by some holders. Beef is selling at $12@15 for western and city Mess. Beef hams are lower, with sales to note at $17½@18. Dressed Hogs are quoted at $5,50@6 the 100 lbs. Bacon moves off as wanted at 9@10c for Hams, 6@6½c for Sides, and 5½@5¾c for Shoulders. Green Meats are arriving and selling slowly at 7½@8½c for salt and pickled Hams, and 4½@4¾c for Shoulders in salt. Lard is more active at 9@9¼c for country. About 500 tierces western sold at 9½c—now held higher: and 600 kegs at 10½@11c. Butter is steady, but less active, with sales of packed at 15@22c, and roll at 18@20c. Cheese is unchanged, with sales at 10¼@11¼c. Eggs are scarce and worth 25c ₽ dozen.

COTTON—The market has ruled very quiet; about 300 bales have been disposed of at previous rates, ranging from 45 to 67c for inferior to middling quality, including 100 bales Surats at 50@60½c, and 150 bales damaged, the latter by auction, at 40@41½c, all cash.

ASHES continue scarce and high, and a limited business doing in the way of sales.

BARK—There has been more inquiry for Quercitron, and about 200 hhds found buyers, mostly at $36 for first No 1, at which rate the market is steady. Tanners' Bark is also steady at quotations, and the receipts and sales limited.

BEESWAX is scarce, and selling in a small way at 40@41c ₽ lb.

COAL—The market is less active, and there is very little Anthracite going East. For home use there is a fair business doing at about previous rates.

COPPER—There is little or no stock in first hand; the week's sales include a few small lots Rio and Laguayra, about 500 bags in all, at from 30 to 32c, cash and time.

COPPER is unchanged, with about the usual business to note in Yellow Metal, at 27c for sheets and 30c for bolts, on time.

FEATHERS are scarce, and selling in a small way at 53@55c ₽ lb; 2000 lbs sold on terms kept private.

FRUIT is in steady demand at $1,50@3 for Green Apples, and $9@12 ₽ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Fruit is more active at 4@5c for Apples, and 5@8c for unpared Peaches.

HAY is firm, and good Timothy is selling at 80@90c ₽ 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is little or no stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers, and no change in prices.

HOPS are firm and selling as wanted at 20@24c ₽ lb, the latter for first sort Western.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is firm, and about 6,000 tons anthracite have been sold at $30@33 for the three numbers, mostly No. 1, at $30@31, part for future delivery, including 1,000 tons good No 1 reported at $33, on time. Manufactured Iron continues active and on the advance.

LUMBER is quiet, with a small business doing in white and yellow Pine Boards at steady rates. Laths and Pickets are wanted at an advance.

MOLASSES—There is little or no stock here, and the sales are confined to Cuba and New Orleans, in small lots, at full prices.

PLASTER—There is very little offering, and we quote soft at $3@3,25 per ton.

RICE—The demand is limited and the sales small at 7¼@7¾c for East India.

SALPETRE—About 300 bags crude sold at 15c ₽ lb.

SEEDS—There has been a good demand for Clovorseed, with further sales of 5000 bushels at $6,25@6,50 ₽ bushel, mostly at $6,40@6,50 for prime. Timothy is steady at $1,75@2, and Flaxseed scarce and in request at $3 ₽ bushel.

SPIRITS—There is a firm feeling in Brandy and Gin, and a small business to note. N. E. Rum is steady at 55c. Whiskey is firmer, with sales of 3500 bbls in lots at 40c; hhds at the same figure, and drudge at 38½@39c.

SUGAR—The market is quiet but firm. Only a few small sales of Cuba and New Orleans are reported at 10@11c, cash on time.

TALLOW meets with a limited demand at 10½c for city and 10¼c for country rendered.

TOBACCO—There is very little movement in either Leaf or Manufactured, and the market is firm but very quiet.

WOOL.—There is some little inquiry from manufacturers, but generally at a price below the views of holders. About 100,000 lbs have been taken in lots, chiefly at 62@65c for coarse, 65@68c for fine, and 72@75c for tub, nett.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2194 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 9¼ cts ₽ lb. 150 Cows brought from $18 to 28 ₽ head. 3300 Sheep were sold at 5@5½c ₽ lb, gross. 820 Hogs brought from $6,00 to 6,75 ₽ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
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McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th of Sept. by the Rev. T. B. Miller, ISAIAH MCINTYRE, to Miss ELIZABETH BROWN, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. L. BRADFORD, to Miss ELIZA SNETHEN, both of this city.

On the 12th of Feb. by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. DACRE T. ARNOLD, to Miss EMMA M. BARKER, both of this city.

On the 5th of Sept. by the Rev. A. Milby, Mr. SAMUEL E. NORCROSS, to Miss FRANCES O. WENZEL, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. ROBERT LOUGHHEAD, to Miss FANNY DEHER, both of Bethel Township, Del. county.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Kenney, THOMAS W. RIDER, Jr. to Miss EMMA LA FARGE, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Castle, Mr. JAMES T. GORMAN, to Miss LYDIA B. CHILDS, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, at St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. Geo. Leeds, D. D., Mr. JOHN SPROSTON, of Newark, N. J. to Miss MARY E. HAMMELL, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, JULIUS BINKERT, aged 27 years.

On the 9th instant, FANNY MURPHY, in her 65th year.

On the 8th instant, AMELIA A. wife of Wm. Hunter, and daughter of Sarah and the late H. L. Coryell, Esq. in her 40th year.

On the 8th instant, ELIZA, daughter of the late Rev. John Finley.

On the 9th instant, JAMES RICHARDSON, in his 60th year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. SARAH E. JENKINS, aged 38 years.

On the 7th instant, ROBERT WILSON, aged 62 years.

On the 6th instant, SARAH, wife of Jos. Preston, in her 63d year.

On the 8th instant, JAMES H. TRAVERS, son of Henry and Eliza Travers, aged 22 years.

On the 6th instant, GEORGE CARR, in his 66th year.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE MURRAY, in her 90th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, December 13, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 dis
Canada	20 prem.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	½ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	3 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	4 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	1 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	60 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	30 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	45 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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Half Case, Polished Rosewood,	80,00
Full Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	90,00
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75,00
Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut,	70,00
Plain Table,	65,00
No. 2 MACHINE, ORNAMENTAL BRONZE, with	
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$65,00
Half Case, Paneled,	60,00
Plain Table,	55,00
No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with	
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$55,00
Half Case, Paneled,	50,00
Plain Table,	45,00
No. 4 MACHINE, Large, with	
Plain Table,	$75,00
No. 5 MACHINE, CYLINDER, with	
Plain Table,	$85,00
Binder,	5,00
Corder,	3,00
Marker,	2,00

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Wit and Humor.

A HIGH OLD ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

The aspect of the mansion was intensely aristocratic.

Stately double parlors glorified the first floor.

Lofty folding doors adorned the exquisite scene.

They were glittering magnificently in double coats of pearly china gloss.

Superb Brussels carpets with white poodles wrought in medallion gold yielded to the meandering foot. French enameled-paper tapestry of a bewildering pattern was profusely pasted all over the regal walls.

Tp further prove that it was a tight fit abode for bloated rank, fashion and beauty, we have but to say that everything was secured by a heavy mortgage.

This gorgeous mansion had been constructed on a plan of entire confidence, regardless of expense. It was a model of modern convenience.

All the windows looked out of doors when you were inside, and inside when you were out of doors.

Marvellous ingenuity had been exercised in the perfection of this novel arrangement.

Twenty closets with ten clothes hooks each were lavished about the house, and a mammoth coal bin lowered in one corner of the cellar.

The hinges of all the doors were regularly and profusely oiled once per week by an ex-brakeman formerly in the employ of the Emporium Methodical Horse R. R. Co.

Notwithstanding the happy family of all this splendor was miserable.

Utterly miserable.

Irretrievably wretched.

Naturally the sympathetic reader will sche to know the reason.

To mystify is not the author's intention. He does not desire to precipitate the mind of the reader into a quandary, or anything else.

The ex-brakeman had dexterously wormed himself into the affections of the pampered child of all this luxury!

CHAPTER II.

Our thrilling tale opens of a misty evening, carefully; with the noble front door of this gilded abode of misery. The brazen ex-brakeman entered with a beautiful red lantern clinging fondly to his muscular arm.

It had clung there when he was discharged from the service of the arrogant E. M. H. R. R. Co., through an irresponsible breach of trust.

He had neglected to water the horse at the end of the route!

So gross a violation of the Co.'s humane regulations excited the ire of the old bald-headed reprobate who presided as President.

The brakeman was expulsed.

Does the thoughtless reader think the treatment harsh?

Not so.

Supposing this horse, through want of water, had, upon the return route, become exhausted and had fell down. Let your imagination picture the dreadful catastrophe.

In all human probability the car would have come to a dead stop!

His name was Dennis McCarthy.

Such was the name of the ex-brakeman.

In one hand he bore a Patent Oiler.

This Oiler had also fondly adhered to him upon his expulsion from the Co.'s service.

Nine points of law invested him with the right of possession.

He drew himself up in the hall in an attitude of entire suspense, and listened.

He heard nothing but silence.

He heaved a yearning sigh up from the bottom of his burning heart, and inclined his classic head forward until his flowing, flaming beard reposed in luxurious struggles upon his brawny bosom.

He then took a chaw of tobacco.

It was a grand spectacle.

Why did he come?

You will doubtless say, to grease the hinges of the doors.

Not at all.

As the author has previously announced, to mystify is not his intention.

His object was to worm himself still further into the affections of the infatuated child of all this princely splendor!

The author has neglected to mention that the child was a girl.

Such was his object.

CHAPTER III.

"Deal with me kindly,
Cheer my young hart;
I'll follow thee be-lindly,
Wherever thou art."

This intoxicating original rhapsody floated upon the ravished ears of the adoring McCarthy as he stood in the desolate solitude of the hall.

He murmured: "Bedad! that's the vice uv me darlint!"

Then he drew in an amount of air so vast that it burst the lower horn button from off of his elegant green baize jacket, and it fell with a great slap, *spat* onto the floor.

"Hoooos there?" bellowed a hoary bull-frog voice from the sumptuous first parlor.

"Hist!" mumbled McCarthy; "Be jabers, that's the ould blackguard! I'll smudge the lanturn."

"Which did you say, pa?" murmured a sweet muskmellon voice from the royal second parlor. "I've drapped me smellin' bottle."

"*Devil's bottle!*" croaked the old frog. "You 've broke my nap."

The New System of Callsthenics.

As a great portion of human life is now devoted to the above exercise, it ought to be constantly practised in private. It hardens the retina of the eye, and imparts a look of determination to the brow.—*Vanity Fair.*

"Faith! and saved me hed!" chuckled McCarthy.

With that he got down upon his craven hands and knees, and with the terrible Patent Oiler between his teeth crept stealthily into the royal second parlor.

And the old man snored on in fancied security.

Besotted fool!

Know you not that the ex-brakeman is even now worming himself into the affections of your daughter?

Alas! he did not.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
Morn, noon and night, wherever I may be,
Ever I'm fondly dreaming of thee."

"Why so pinsive, dearest?" murmured a bass viol voice, heavily laden with the odors of the Indians' favorite weed, in her large and languishing ear, as a green baize jacket threw its manly arms around her tender ostrich neck.

That voice! She smelt it, and to smell it was to know it.

"Oh! Dennis, me luv, art cum?"

"Be dad! I am, on all fours."

"I have been sad without you," she whispered; laying her beautiful black hair carefully upon his shoulder and blinding his eyes with a cross-eyed glance of dove-tailed adoration.

"Wilt fly wid me, darlint, to me red-wood shanty hard by the Mission road, where a sack of Murphys wait to call thee mistress, and thou shalt play all day wid swate soap suds in a new blue tub, and strangers shall call thee happy? Dost like the picter?"

"You bet I dust!" she sighed; "but me pa nips the buds of me affecshions and rips our clinging souls apart."

"Hist! the ould brute slapes. We can give him the slip as slick as grase. Wilt go wid me to the praste this blissid night?"

"I wilt," she sighed.

And they locked themselves fast in each other's embrace.

And there they were!

CHAPTER V.

"Love laughs at blacksmiths."

An hour later there was a terrible concussion in the royal front parlor.

The Old Bloated Aristocracy was awake!

Wide awake.

Swearing.

Stamping.

Cursing.

Raving.

The royal back parlor was empty.

CHAPTER VI.

An old man sat on the widest board of the floor of a narrow room in the Insane Hospital at Stockton.

He always sat on the widest board.

Because he was mad!

One day a man passed the door of his den with a Patent Oiler in his hand.

"Ha-a-a-a-h!" shrieked the old man, jumping up like a cat touched with a hot poker—"*Art worming yet?*"

To him there was but one oiler in the world, and but one man to carry it.

He sat down on the wide board again and commenced crying.

He cried all that day.

He cried all night.

In the morning there was two feet of water in the room.

He cried all that day.

He cried all night.

In the morning there was four feet of water in the room.

The old man still sat on the widest board.

A bald spot about two inches in circumference floated upon the surface of the water.

It was the extreme top of the old man's head.

He had drowned himself in his own tears.

He was as dead as a door-nail!

SEQUEL.

"Are the praties dun yit, Judy?"

Her name was not Judy.

It was Julia.

But she had married for love.

Love levels all!

It was Dennis who spoke.

They were in the redwood shanty, hard by the Mission road.

Six pledges of affection were wallowing in the sand which composed the floor.

Enjoying the same luxury were a dozen barn-yard fowls and a litter of pigs.

It was a scene to delight the eye of an ultra-democrat!

Did Julia de Muggins McCarthy regret the past?

Not by a jug full.

I tell you she was gritty.

"Taters is all you think of, you Irish paddy," was her reply.

"Bedad! and if I'd thought a little more on um when I took yer from yer father's house I'd left yer. I haven't had my fill ov um scince."

"Why not?"

"Becase yer mouth is always openin on um foreninst me."

You could see that the vulgar imputation crushed her.

She stared at him wildly for a moment, her face working into all sorts of expressions. Then she walked past him with dreadful determination in her manner, out of the shanty door, round to the rear.

Would she kill herself?

No, she is too coarse.

She took a swig of whiskey!

NOTE.—The author has endeavored to hold the mirror up to Nature. If the images presented seem distorted it is owing to the obliqueness of the glass. Hoping to encounter the reader at no distant day in the flowery paths of imaginative literature, he lavishes his esteem upon him and retires. —*San Francisco Golden Era.*

SAYINGS THAT ARE NOT POOR RICHARD'S.—Captain Billings is now in Poughkeepsie, and gives to the Press of that city some proverbs and sharp sayings.

A man who will chaw turbacker will drink santy kruze rum, and a man that will drink santy kruze rum will go to the devil, and a man who will go to the devil is mean enuff tu du enny thing.

Yu can tell just about what a man will du by hearing him tell what he has did.

I am prepared tu sa tu seven of the rich men out of every ten, "make the most of your money for it makes the most uf yu."

Debt is an Eal pot, a big hoal where yu go in, and a small one where yu kum out.

Man was kreated a little lower than the Angells, and he has bin gitting a little lower ever since.

The most oneasy kritter I ever persued was a bob-tail Bull, in fi time.

When yu have sorus trubble, du as the dogs du when they get whipped; go in secret and lick your sores till tha git well, and then look up another fite.

I have known folks, whose *caliber* was very small, and whose *bore* is very big.

There is this difference between rusting out and wearing out; if yu rust out, when yu git thru yu ain't worth a cuss, but if yu wear out, what's left of yu is fust-rate.

This world is full of Faith; a quart of whiskay has at least a gallon of Faith in it.

A big soul makes a man look like an old-fashioned tin lantern with a kandle lit in it.

The meanest man I ever nu was the one who stole a sugar whistle from a nigger baby to sweeten a cup of rye koffee with.

ASKING TOO MUCH.—A little boy "well in his boots" for the first time, said to his mother, after reading the customary chapter in Scott's family Bible:

"Mother, why did not Moses wear boots?"

"Why, my son, what makes you ask that? perhaps he did; we don't know."

"No, mother, he didn't, because the Bible says that the voice that came out of the burning bush told him to take off his *shoes!*"

There was no reply to this clincher.

LITERARY EXHAUSTION.—Frequently we meet with a writer who achieves one remarkable book, and whatever other books he writes are comparatively failures—echoes of the same thought, repetitions of the same creations. The reason of that stint of invention is obvious; the author has embodied certain ideas long meditated; and if his book be really great, all the best of those ideas are poured into it. In the interval between that book and the next, he has not paused to ponder new studies and gather from them new ideas, and the succeeding books comprise but the leavings of the old ideas. A man of genius is inexhaustible only in proportion as he is always renourishing his genius. Both in mind and body, where nourishment ceases vitality fails.—*Bulwer.*

HINTS FOR DOING GOOD.—Three evenings in the week borrow the school-room, or any other room. Provide in winter a good fire and a good light; collect half a dozen poor boys, and hire a journeyman shoemaker for two hours each night, to teach these boys how to patch and mend shoes; and when a boy has shown his efficiency by mending his own shoes, then dismiss him; but give him the necessary tools, and a bit of leather, and advise him to pay for his instruction by mending the first pair of shoes for some poor child without charging for it; or let him gratuitously teach some fatherless boy to mend shoes, as others have taught him.

☞ Old folks become precise and methodical, because, feeling that life is drawing toward its close, they desire to make the best of the remnant that is left, and the most of everything they do. Youth thinks it has so great a future before it, and plans so many grand achievements for the coming "morrow," that the common duties of the day are slightly and slightingly discharged.

☞ The Scriptures speak of a man's asking for bread, and receiving a stone. The rebels ask for salt, and we give them saltpetre.

☞ Noticing the beautiful hue which spreads over a certain dame's checks, Widdikins mutters, "A real Lady of the *Lake*."

THE NEW SYSTEM OF CALISTHENICS.

This exercise is peculiarly adapted to bellicose persons. It strengthens the gastric organs, and is otherwise invaluable to recruits. It cures lumbago and common ague, and is a pleasant alterative.—*Vanity Fair.*

Agricultural.

ESTIMATING THE CAPACITY OF BARNS.

Very few farmers are aware of the precise amount of shelter needed for their crops, but lay their plans of outbuildings from vague conjecture or guessing. As a consequence, much of their produce has to be stacked outside, after their buildings have been completed; and if additions are made they must be put up at the expense of convenient arrangement. A brief example will show how the capacity of the barn may be adapted to the size of the farm.

Suppose, for example, that the farm contains 100 acres, of which 90 are good arable land, and that one-third each are devoted to meadow, pasture and grain. Ten acres of the latter may be corn, stored in a separate building. The meadow should afford two tons per acre, and yield 60 tons; the sown grain, 20 acres, may yield a corresponding bulk of straw of 40 tons. The barn should, therefore, besides other matters, have a capacity for 100 tons, or over one ton per acre as average. Allowing 500 cubic feet for each ton (perhaps 600 would be nearer) it would require a bay or mow 40 feet long and 10 feet wide for a ton and a half to each foot of depth. If 20 feet high it would hold about 30 tons. If the barn were 40 feet wide, with 10 feet posts and 8 feet of basement, about 45 tons could be stowed away in a bay reaching from basement to peak. Two such bays, or equivalent space, would be required for the products of 90 well cultivated acres. Such a building is much larger than is usually allowed; and yet without it there must be a large waste, as every farmer is aware who stacks his hay out; or a large expenditure of labor in pitching and repitching sheaves of grain in threshing.

In addition to this, as we have already seen, there should be ample room for the shelter of domestic animals. In estimating the space required, including feeding alleys, &c., a horse should have 75 square feet, a cow 45 feet, and sheep about 10 square feet each. The basement of a barn, therefore, 40 by 75 feet in the clear, will stable 30 cattle and 150 sheep, and a row of stalls across one end will afford room for 8 horses. The 30 acres each of pasture and meadow, and the 10 acres of corn fodder already spoken of, with a portion of grain and roots, would probably keep about this number of animals, and consequently a barn, with a basement of less size than 40 by 75 feet, would be insufficient for the accommodation of such a farm in the highest state of cultivation.—*J. J. Thomas.*

EARTH-WORMS.

The earth-worm does not seem to have very much occupied the attention of naturalists. Darwin has convinced us of his utility, and has shown that he is the unrecognized agent who from time to time increases the vegetative mould that covers the surface of the cultivable soil. The worm does this by depositing upon the upper surface of the ground those little cylindrical heaps of fine corrugated earth which in growing weather are always to be found lying at the base of the grassy turf in lawn or field, and which we constantly see in the flower-beds of the garden. These worm-castings are so abundant in certain soils as to cover in a comparatively short time whole layers of lime, cinders, or gravel, and bury them several inches deep; and instances have been recorded in which lands that had been completely faced with hard material have had, in the course of years, a soft soil more than a foot in depth deposited upon the hard artificial surface. Other writers have remarked on the conduct of worms under certain circumstances. Thus it has been noticed by Mr. Jesse that if you snatch a worm from his hole as he lies holding on to it with his tail, which he is fond of doing in moist weather, it is beyond your power to put him into it again, and what is more, that he cannot get into it himself. The same writer tells us that in the winter of 1836 he found one morning a number of large earth-worms writhing in evident distress on the surface of a deep fall of snow; and he accounts for the strange sight on the supposition that the creatures had wandered forth early in the night, which was moist and temperate, and had been prevented from regaining their holes by the sudden fall of snow.

HORSE-SHOES FOR SNOW.—We printed a year ago some directions for making horse-shoes for use in winter to protect horses against the snow which gathers in large balls upon their shoes. These directions were to the effect that the *upper side of the shoe should be made wider than the lower side.* Thus made the snow will more generally fall out than from shoes made in the usual way. It is easy to try it. Many a horse has been ruined by having the coffin joint sprained in consequence of snow-balls.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

FENCES, LIVE AND DEAD.

E. Cornell, Esq., President of the New York State Agricultural Society, writing to the *Country Gentleman* in regard to fences, says:—

"The live fences of England I think less of than I did before I saw them. The hedge generally occupies as much or more land as our crooked rail fence, and is quite as expensive. A stone wall is the best and cheapest farm fence, when the material is at hand to build it. England and America both have more fence than is profitable or desirable in my opinion—the Continent perhaps has less. In travelling from Calais to Paris, thence to and through Switzerland, Germany, Prussia and Belgium, we saw no fencing of farms, no hedge-rows or waste land between crops.—Cattle are easier fenced in than out, and the easiest method is pursued. In England it is being discovered that they have more hedge-rows than they can afford, and one estate that I have heard of has recently reclaimed and added 45 acres to its tillable lands by uprooting old hedges and consolidating fields. It is high time for a fence reformation at home, but we should not be so radical as to destroy all our fences at once.

Useful Receipts.

SOLVENT FOR OLD PUTTY AND PAINT.—Soft soap mixed with solution of potash or caustic soda; or pearl ash and slaked lime mixed with sufficient water to form a paste. Either of these laid on with an old brush or rag, and left for some hours, will render it easily removable.

BEET ROOT COFFEE.—A very good coffee can be made of beet root in the following manner: Cut dry beet root into very small pieces, then gradually heat it in a close pan over the fire for about fifteen minutes. Now introduce a little sweet, fresh butter, and bring it up to the roasting heat. The butter prevents the evaporation of the sweetness and aroma of the beet root, and when fully roasted it is taken out, ground, and used like coffee. A beverage made of it is cheap, and as good for the human system as coffee or chicory.

WATER-PROOF BOOT SOLES.—If hot tar is applied to boot soles it will make them water proof. Let it be as hot as the leather will bear without injury, applying it with a swab and drying it in by fire. The operation may be repeated two or three times during the winter, if necessary. It makes the surface of the leather quite hard, so that it wears longer, as well as keeps out the water. Oil or grease softens the sole, and does not do much in keeping the water out. It is a good plan to provide boots for winter during summer, and prepare the soles by tarring, as they will then become, before they are wanted to wear, almost as firm as horn, and will wear twice as long as those unprepared.

FOR SORE THROAT AND CHAPPED HANDS.—Every family should keep a quantity of chlorate of potash. We have never found anything equal to it for a simple ulcerated sore throat. Dissolve a small teaspoonful of it in a tumbler of water, and then occasionally take a spoonful of the solution so as to gargle the throat. It is nearly tasteless, and not at all offensive to take, and it is hence well adapted to children. Nothing is better than this for chapped or cracked hands. Wash them in the weak solution, and they will soon be well. It is also good for a rough, pimply, or chapped face. It may be procured at any druggist's.—*Exchange Paper.*

HAIR DYE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Take gallic acid	10 grains.
Acetic acid	1 ounce.
Tincture of sesqui chloride of iron	1 ounce.

Dissolve the gallic acid in the tincture of sesqui chloride of iron, and then add the acetic acid. Before using this preparation, the hair should be thoroughly washed, with soap and water. A great desideratum in this receipt is, it can be so applied, as to color the hair either *black*, or the lighter shade of brown. If black is desired, the preparation should be applied while the hair is moist, and for the brown, it should not be used till the hair is perfectly dry. The way to apply the compound is to dip the points of a fine tooth comb into it until the interstices are filled with the fluid, then gently draw the comb through the hair, commencing at the roots, till the dye has perceptibly taken effect. When the hair is entirely dry, oil and brush as usual.

☞ In Moravia there is a man living, a peasant, who is one hundred and forty-seven years old, and still hale and hearty. He was formerly a soldier, and re-married at the age of ninety. He lives on milk and potatoes.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 65 letters.

My 42, 53, 50, 45, 28, 5, 8, 4, 49, 52, 33, 29, 59, 51, 3, is now in the command of the 12, 28, 19, 62, of the Potomac.

My 1, 64, 10, is double 55, 13, 27, one-half of 11, 65, 49, 28, one-third of 20, 41, 60, one-fourth of 35, 15, 48, 2, 61, one-fifth of 17, 24, 47, one-sixth of 6, 64, 40, 8, 31, 16, one-seventh of 11, 10, 49, 52, 34, 8, 30, 50, one-eighth of 58, 49, 60, 14, 9, 21, 37, and one-ninth of 30, 15, 42, 43, 7, 46, 38, 56.

My 23, 10, 23, is the highest 22, 16, 52, 38, of 55, 13, 62, 63, 48, 41, 47, 42.

My 39, 65, 57, is used to carry bricks.

My 20, 9, 33, is a very useful insect.

My 31, 60, 8, 54, and 25, are numeral letters.

My whole was one of the bloodiest tragedies of the war, and the date of its occurrence.

G. M. TUCKER.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 20, 3, 4, 16, 7, 30, 24, 29, 13, is a town in Florida.

My 33, 7, 43, 40, 21, 35, 9, 7, 17, 28, is a county in Tennessee.

My 1, 11, 15, 37, 42, is a county in Virginia.

My 12, 22, 1, 7, 26, 4, 38, is in Indian Territory.

My 19, 32, 41, 3, 29, 14, 31, is a town in Ohio.

My 20, 2, 21, 6, 24, 42, 29, is a town in Illinois.

My 27, 7, 36, 5, 10, 13, 4, is a town in Indiana.

My 4, 33, 29, 24, 25, 23, 7, 10, 44, 15, 15, 4, is a county in North Carolina.

My 34, 25, 5, 33, is a Western river.

My 6, 7, 17, 24, 18, 37, 33, 14, is a town in Texas.

My whole is a verse in Psalms. C. H.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 10, 2, 20, 12, 5, 4, 11, 21, is a mode of conveyance.

My 3, 13, 1, 15, is a kind of preserves.

My 16, 17, 8, is a vessel for holding coffee.

My 23, 9, 18, is a kind of fish.

My 19, 7, 18, 19, 14, is what is shown by those who subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post.

My 6, 10, 21, 7, 18, is a color.

I hope that my whole will eat his Christmas dinner in Richmond. W. G. T.

Albany, N. Y.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Complete in every house I've been.
Behead, and still in the house I'm seen.
Transpose and the horseman gallops over me
As he rideth down to the neighboring sea.

LATA.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire, I am a portion of anything.
Behead me, and I become opposed to science.
Then transpose the first and second, and I become a nuisance.
Behead the nuisance, and a preposition will be left.
Behead the preposition, and a beverage will remain.
What am I? G. M. TUCKER.

TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In measuring a right angle triangled tract of land, where none of the three sides could be measured direct from corner to corner, I measured from one of the acute corners across the tract, towards the opposite right angled line, and struck said line 19 perches from the other acute corner. I then went out these 19 perches to this last mentioned acute angle, and from it I measured across the tract again toward the other right angled line, and struck said line 9 perches from the first-mentioned acute corner, where I had started at the beginning. Now supposing I find each of these two measurements alike in length, and one of the right angled lines is known to be 100 perches more in length than the other right angled line. What is the area of the said tract? And what the length of each of its three sides. DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Which is the greater, the greatest circle or the greatest rectangle which can be inscribed in the quadrant of an ellipse whose semi-axis are 30 and 20 perches, and required their respective areas? H. TIEMAN.

☞ An answer is requested.

DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find two positive whole numbers, whose sum shall be a square. The sum of their squares, a square; and the sum of their cubes, a square? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Which is the largest moth mentioned in sacred history? Answer—Behe-moth. It appears from the query involved in the name, that it was questionable whether he was a moth or not.

☞ Who is the most industrious of all Plough-men? Answer—Time, for he turns the most furrows.

☞ What Snows does Summer never melt? Answer—The snows of age.

☞ Why are the sherry-cobblers of the South like the secessionists of the North? Answer—Because they are not iced (noticed).

☞ Why is a lady who has bought a satin cape at half-price like an officer absent on leave? Answer—Because she's got her fur-low.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—"Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate States of America." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Major-General Ulysses S. Grant. ENIGMA.—You at present behold. RIDDLE.—Ear, Bear, Dear, Fear, Hear, Gear, Lear, Mear, Near, Pear, Rear, Sear, Tear, Wear, and Year. ANAGRAMS.—Horace, Daniel, Nicholas, Francis, Thomas, Benjamin, Alexander, Charles, Robert, Edgar, Edward, Henry, Harvey, Sylvanus, Mary, Catharine. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—4, 16, 64, and 256.